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## Poetry.

### LONGEST AND SHORTEST.

The sweet west wind is dying
Over the purple sea,
And the amber daylight dying
On roadway, hill and tree;
The cattle-bells are ringing
Among the slanting downs,
And children's voices flinging
Glad echoes through the towns
"Oh summer day! so soon away?"
The happy-hearted sigh and say—
"Sweet is thy light, and sad the night,
And sad the words, Good night! Good night!"

The wan white clouds are trailing
Low o'er the level plain;
And the wind brings, with its wailing,
The chill of the coming rain,
Fringed by the faded heather,
Wide pools of water lie;
And birds and leaves together
Whirl through the evening sky.
"Haste thee away, O winter day!"
The weary hearted weep and say—
"Sad is the light, and slow thy flight,
Sweet were the words, Good night! Good night!"

From the Atlantic Monthly.

### AN IDLER'S IDYL.

BY HIRAM RICH.

A borrowed boat, a certain sky,
A tide whereon to dream and drift,
Delay that never seems delay,
Are more to me than gain or gift.

A boat is broader than a hearth,
To borrow better than to own,
For Care is in a manner blind,
And follows thrift by touch alone,

The miller's heart is in his toll,
The sower's thoughts plod to and fro,
And who hath everything at sea
Foredeems winds that never blow.

Then Life, for thee the idle oar,
A drowsy tide to drift upon,
An air that hints of hills newly-mown,
To lull thee when thy dreams come on.

## Original Story.

Written for the TOLEDO BLADE.

# Was She Right or Wrong?

BY JOHN BRENT.

### CHAPTER II.

All that day the spy Fify, with terrible eyes and his cold, cruel face, watched Count Paul continually, never losing sight of him for five minutes. He even attempted to entertain the prisoner with talk, conversing cheerfully of the new, pleasant life he was shortly to begin when his place of exile was reached. And all the while the wretch knew full well that the unhappy man was sentenced to be shot at midnight, and his body thrown into the sea. In the evening, just after full darkness had come on, Count Paul leaned over the quarter-deck railing, talking to the spy Fify, who, like an inexorable fate, still followed him.

Suddenly he called the spy's attention to a beautiful phosphorescent light which was gleaming on the waves, just in the wake of the ship. He leaned far over the edge of the railing, pointing with his hand and arm toward the light. The next instant a thrilling cry of "Man overboard!" rang across the quarter-deck. The vessel hove to in a moment and a boat put off to the rescue. Three sailors, the first mate, and Lady Theresa were lowered into the boat. In a half an hour the boat returned, and the mate reported that they could not find the missing man. The spy Fify expressed great concern, and went to the captain in person, begging that the other boats might be sent out. But the captain refused to wait longer, swearing that they had spent more time already then the accursed carcass of a lazy Hungarian *noble* was worth. In five minutes the ship was on her way again.

And Count Paul and Lady Theresa were alone on the ocean in a ship's water cask.

The brave sailors had picked up Count Paul without much difficulty, helped him into old Hans' life boat, assisted Lady Theresa in beside him, and then, with a hearty "God save you!" they cast off the ropes, and the two were left to the mercy of the waves.

It was mid-summer, and they did not suffer greatly with cold. The captain had given them provision for three days. The three days passed, with the sea in dead calm, and Count Paul, peering through the little crack of a window in old Hans' life-boat, saw no sign of a ship in any quarter. The fourth day came. Still no ship, and still they were drifting on and over the waste of water, they knew not whither. Their provision was all gone, their supply of water was all gone, and the burning heat through the day was intolerable. Then at last Lady Theresa's courage began to give way, for she was only a girl, after all. The fifth day they saw a ship, but could not signal her.—Their situation was perilous on all sides, for even should they be so fortunate as to signal a ship, it might be an Austrain ship, which would take them directly back to Austria, and there they could hardly hope to escape recognition.—Death by starvation or drowning was better than the fate which awaited them should they be taken to Austria and recognized. Starvation, drowning, return to Austria—certain destruction on three sides, with a single faint little hope glimmering on the fourth side, a hope which glimmered fainter and fainter, as each day went down into darkness.

On the eighth day poor Lady Theresa's reason failed her. She had a queer fancy that the ocean was the green fields of her home in Hungary, and that she had but to escape from the narrow walls of their prison to obtain food and drink in plenty. It required all Count Paul's strength to keep her from overturning their frail little craft and upsetting them both into the sea. His poor, weak arms were quite exhausted, when, at last, worn out with her frantic struggles to escape, she lay hopelessly down in the bottom of the boat, and closed her eyes. Then a new terror entered his mind. He thought Theresa was going to die. He lifted her head with his feeble hands, and tenderly besought her to open her eyes to speak to him once more. She heard and understood him, for she murmured faintly:

"Adieu, my Paul, adieu! I am dying, am I not? Hold my hand in yours, my beloved, till the last moment."

But she did not die. Late in the afternoon of that day, Count Paul descried a ship, far away to the north of them. He waved his signal flag frantically, shouting, too, with all the little strength there was left him, as if they could have heard the weak voice on board the ship. But they saw his signal flag and the boat, poor little speck on the boundless sky of waters, and steered towards it. The vessel chanced to be an English packet-ship, homeward bound. Just as the sun went down, they picked up the two wanderers. Lady Theresa was entirely helpless and insensible. The English sailors lifted her tenderly on shipboard first, and then helped Count Paul up. He kept his senses bravely till they both were drawn up in safety, then he sank feebly down upon the deck, exclaiming:

"Saved at last, thank God! saved at last!"

### CHAPTER III.

THE SON OF POOR BUT RESPECTABLE PARENTS.

In those fabulous times—they must have been fabulous, for nothing of the kind has ever happened since anybody can remember—in that celebrated traditional age when a gawky, homespun young man with cowhide boots and a freckled nose, could walk into a city with all his native free-soil upon him, and engage himself as porter to a wholesale grocery; and in three years not only be junior partner in the same wholesale grocery, but also be the husband of the wholesale groceryman's lovely and accomplished daughter, admired and looked up to by all who knew him,—in that golden age of porters and wholesale groceries, when virtue was rather more substantially rewarded than in our degenerate days—a young man sufficiently gawky, sufficiently homespun, and sufficiently cowhide-booted to suit the purpose of the most daring novel-writer, entered the city of Y——, one day, exactly in the manner approved of by romance. He came from a northwesterly direction, and carried a pair of butternut woolen stockings and piece of cheese in his pockets. Likewise he was sufficiently red-headed to suit all purposes of romance. He was the son of poor *and* respectable parents. He left his home in the rural districts, and came seeking his fortunes in the city of Y——. At no time of his mortal existence had he been particularly enamored of country life. There was too much hard work about it.

The poetical side of country life had no charms for him. To the best of his knowledge he had never experienced a thrill of wild rapture at the sight of a magnificent sunrise. Not a thrill. He had not the least admiration for rustic scenes, either in real life or in pictures. Even after he had become a city gentleman of leisure, so far as I know, he never stopped a moment to look into shop-windows at those gorgeous works of high art which represent rustic landscapes, with obstreperous, impossible-looking baskets and things, milkmaids always sitting down to milk on the wrong side of the cow, marvellously *chignoned* girls raking hay with white dresses and ribbon sashes on, and knock-kneed gray horses with lop-sided little chickens on their backs. I've lived in the country all my life, and I never yet saw a knock-kneed gray horse with a lop-sided little chicken on his back. Whatever in the world folks make the crazy, crooked, impossible things for, *I* do not know. John Stone was the name of my gawky, red-headed young man. And John Stone had no admiration for the works of would-be rustic artists. In that respect, he was a youth of singularly good taste.

John Stone was not particularly virtuous or honest. I am sorry for that, but the truth must be told. Even after he had grown rich, he could not be said to have grown honest. He was the only son of his poor and respectable parents, and he deserted them exactly at the time when their old age needed him most. He had an elder sister, Rebecca Stone, whom from the time she was ten years old, for some unknown reason, all the neighborhood had united in calling "Aunt Beck." And Aunt Beck was properly angry at her brother's selfish, heartless desertion of their old parents. His father said never a word about it, but his mother would lean her gray head upon her withered hands, and exclaim a dozen times a day:

"Good lack! good lack! to think our John would treat us this way! To think our only son would turn his back on his father and mother in their old days!"

But our John had no milk-and-watery compunctions about it.

In the city his ruling passion yet ruled him all the same. Which ruling passion was aversion to hard work. Accordingly he did not seek a place as porter in a wholesale grocery. He sought occupation more congenial to his tastes, likewise habits,—occupation which did not call for the putting forth of unusual physical exertion. You see he had the making of a gentleman in him, had John Stone. He became a stage-driver. A lazy man makes a good stage-driver. After following this calling for two years, he suddenly abandoned it, and became proprietor of a shabby little drinking house. His fellow stage-drivers always asserted that he obtained money to start his business by gambling in a small way. But I don't know anything about that.

It was before the days of our national beverage, and John Stone's drinking house was not very prosperous. He never had any "luck," he said. In truth his establishment was but poorly patronized, and that only by persons of his own rank. The big gun drunkards never deigned to enter his humble door. He had not the consolation which gave such comfort to the Merry Devil of Edmonton:

"Knights and lords have been drunk in my house, I thank the destinies!"

One day John Stone sat sunning himself disconsolately before the door of his humble domicile. He was revolving in his mind a problem which was the problem of his life. Sundry gentry in the latter day newspapers advertise to solve the same problem, and actually do solve it, as far as their own proper persons are concerned. The problem: How to become rich without work. The real answer is: Steal. John Stone had been puzzling over the question every since he had been born, without coming to any solution. Other folks have done the same thing, with the same result. But John Stone meant to answer the question, "Some love the meat, some love to pick the bone," says Banyan. Freckled face John Stone had no mind to pick the bone. Which is a rhyme.

As I was saying, John Stone sat in his humble door-way sunning himself, conning the problem: How to become rich without work. He see-sawed back and forth discontentedly in his chair, and drummed against the open door with his toes. An old piece of crumpled newspaper was lying on the floor beside his counter, torn from some package by one of John Stone's few customers. He picked up the piece of crumpled newspaper, and glanced over it carelessly. Presently John Stone arose and twice walked deliberately up and down across the dirty floor of his little ale-house, still holding that piece of crumpled old newspaper in his hand. He read it attentively the second time. Then he glanced around him, and out of the door, as if to assure himself that nobody was looking. Then he tore off a corner of the newspaper, and folding the same up carefully, he wrapped it in another bit of the old paper, and put it securely inside his dingy vest-pocket.

What was it he read?

Patience, friend. A little patience will be good for you. Besides you shall hear as soon as I have time to tell you.

The next day, John Stone's drinking-house was closed. Next day after that, the sign "For Rent," scrawled in rude black letters, appeared over the battered door, and some of John Stone's chums who inquired for him of his landlady, were told that he had closed out his business suddenly and gone away, nobody knew where. That was the last the city of Y. ever heard of John Stone in the capacity of ale house keeper. He had gone West. A few months later, a stout young man with a very red head, and a face not so freckled as it was when we first new it, came down the river to the city of C. He was poorly dressed, and had not much to say for himself. He wandered idly about the streets for several weeks, apparently looking for somebody or something that he could not find. At last he appeared either to have found what he was looking for, or else to have given up the search, for he obtained employment with a wood merchant, and settled down quietly. It was John Stone, and for the first time in his life, John Stone went to work in earnest.

Still a few weeks later, he took up his quarters in an obscure little lodging-house on an unpretending back street. He was quiet, gave no trouble, and his landlady rather liked him. Directly beside the obscure little lodging house stood a second obscure little house, exactly like the first one. This second obscure little house was occupied by a foreign family, real aristocracy, John Stone's landlady told him,—people who had known better days, and who owing to having known better days, had no more idea of getting on in the world than a rabbit. The foreign gentleman was a teacher of music and languages, and could have made a living, she supposed, only he was too soft ever to make proper charges for lessons, or to hand in any bills to his pupils. And he had been imposed upon from the word go. He had but one child, a girl of sixteen, with the curiousest name ever given to a Christian,—Hildegarde Elizabeth Hunyady. The landlady knew it like a-b-c, from having said it over and over so many times, just to see if she could learn it. But for her part, she thought the name was better suited to a barbarious pagan, than a church member who had been sprinkled.

John Stone appeared to be much interested in the unfortunate foreign gentleman. So much so indeed that one day the kind hearted landlady proposed an introduction. In the goodness of her heart, it never occurred to the simple soul that people who were real aristocracy might possibly not take kindly to the acquaintance of John Stone. But John Stone said he would take music lessons of the foreign gentleman, just out of benevolence, and not that he supposed he could learn music at all. And indeed, I dare say there is fully as much music in a big red ox as there was in John Stone.—The landlady was full glad to be of any assistance to the helpless aristocracy who had known better days, so, next evening, she took John Stone under her ample wing, and marched forthwith into the obscure little house. There were but three in the family, the old music teacher, his wife, and the daughter before mentioned. They had had six beautiful, dark-eyed children, the courtly old gentleman said, but they had all sickened and died, one after another, all but this little girl, their youngest, the child of their old age. She was a fragile, delicate little creature, with large, pensive dark eyes, like her mother's, not beautiful, as her mother before her had been, but very sweet and gentle, with a soul full of music. In fact, this young girl, Hilda, they called her, often gave the music lessons instead of her father, who was in feeble health, and apt to be irritable and querulous.

They were Hungarians, they said. Hilda's mother was very shy in the presence of all persons except her husband and daughter, and shrank from the gaze of strangers as if it hurt her. Her face bore traces of remarkable physical beauty—traces not yet obliterated by a lifetime of pain and suffering. Her hair was snow-white, and there was something in her manner—a kind of nervousness, or perhaps uneasiness, which gave one the impression that at some time in her life she had passed through a period of terrible anxiety, agony even. She spoke but little English, and left the conversation wholly to her husband and Hilda. Hilda's father, too, bore marks of trouble and suffering in his face. But he was a beautiful old man, noble, commanding, knightly. No wonder John Stone shrank back a little, somewhat abashed in presence of this real aristocracy, though they had scarcely bread to put into their mouths, and though, when it came to a matter of pure brass John Stone had all the brazen audacity of a ward politician or a peddler. But his audacity was more than once put to the blush during the first days of his acquaintance with these helpless, refined poor people. Indeed, if we must tell the truth, our friend John Stone put his foot into it awfully, that very first evening. So awfully, in fact, that in after years, as long as he lived, his red face used to grow redder, when he thought of a certain little circumstance whereof I am about to inform you. As I told you, he knew no more of music than a big red ox. The gentle little Hilda, in obedience to her father's request, played,—for she could make sweeter music on the violin than even her father,—played some brave old Hungarian airs for the visitor. Some she played from memory, others with the sheets of written music before. Whatever it was, the miscouling of a cat would have made just as mellifluous strains to the ears of John Stone, but the sight of the written notes on the paper aroused his Yankee curiosity. The young man always gratified his Yankee curiosity, when possible, and now, during a pause of the music, he turned to little Hilda and asked her:

"What can you tell about the toon by them balls?"

That was too much for even the gentle little Hilda, and she turned away her head without answering; the knightly old gentleman shuddered visibly, and made a horrible grimace, and the knowledge dimly penetrated John Stone's rather thick skull, that he had made a dreadful mistake of some sort. But after a single moment the courtly old gentleman answered him politely, little Hilda turned around again, and all was as before.

And in three months John Stone was bethrothed to Hilda Elizabeth Hungary Esterwald. For the knightly old gentleman was Count Paul Esterwald, the timid, feeble old lady with the snow-white hair was Lady Theresa, and this little Hilda was their youngest child, the sole remaining one of six.

An English ship had picked up Count Paul and Lady Theresa. Count Paul told the English captain that they were the only survivors from a French pleasure yacht which had sailed from Marseilles, had unhappily sprung a leak, one day out, and had gone to the bottom in a few hours. He concealed the truth for the sake of the Austrian captain. His story was believed, readily enough, and he and the lady Theresa were taken to England. They were married immediately on their arrival there. Theresa never quite recovered from the shock and exposure of those few months. Count Paul nursed her and took care of her tenderly as a child, all the rest of the years of her life, but she was never wholly the same again. They lived in England fifteen years, then came to America, in the hope of bettering their fortune. But the world had never been kind to them. They were too gentle, too refined to comprehend the ways of money getting, and they shrank in dismay from the rough jostling which poor people must submit to who make their way in the world. They had wandered from place to place, East, West, and finally had come to C. They were still very poor, and likely to remain so; yet Paul and Theresa had been very happy. People who love each other dearly always are happy, I think, no matter how poor they are. They have a happiness which the world and nothing in the wold can touch or change. And it was a most beautiful thing, the love and tenderness of these two old people for each other.

So, Fate weaving her web, one end of it in England the other in America, had crossed the threads of life of John Stone and Hildegarde Elizabeth Esterwald. He could not but see that she shrank from him at times, as also did her father and mother, but it mattered little to John Stone. He was not over nice, nor yet "finnicky," as they say, and never the man to trouble himself about small things. He had been bethrothed to Hilda, if not with the approval, at least with the consent of her father, and a Hungarian noble never went back on his word. It was enough to know that.

Count Paul had consented to the bethrothal as a last desperate resort. He felt his own strength failing him day by day, and knew in his heart that ere long he would close his weary eyes on this life. What would become of little Hilda then, fragile and tender as a white flower? It had been his one trouble for months, waking and sleeping. When, therefore, John Stone had asked the child's hand in marriage, after a little feeble flutter and hesitation, Count Paul had said yes. John Stone was not the husband he would have chosen for his Hilda, daughter of a nobleman, descendant of brave John Hunyady, yet John Stone as a husband was better than starvation, or living on charity. Besides, John Stone was on his best behavior now, and was really much improved since we saw him first.

So Count Paul said yes.

### CHAPTER IV.

TEMPORA MUTANT.

After once having said yes, and having once made up his mind to it, the old Count appeared to wish rather to hasten the wedding than otherwise. A month from the time of the betrothal, little Hilda Elizabeth Esterwald and John Stone were married, with Count Paul and Lady Theresa's blessing. And to that ill-assorted pair, in due course of time, was born Arria Rebecca Stone, the heroine of this story.

But some important changes took place in the fortunes of the Esterwald-Stone family, before the birth of little Arria. Would you be surprised to hear that this little girl, Arria Rebecca Stone, was born heiress to a great fortune? Well, she was.

Two months after the marriage of John Stone and Hilda, the first change took place in the Esterwald family. Lady Theresa, the beloved, faithful wife and mother, died in peace. She had been ailing for a long time, and after the wedding, she seemed to droop a little more and more every day, until at last she faded quite away from the earth. She died with her hand in her husband's, words of blessing for him on her lips, and a gentle, holy peace shining in her face. Just so they two travelled the rough ways of this life, hand in hand and at peace with each other. She died and was buried in the gentle days of early summer. Then Count Paul grew more dreamy and unpractical than ever.

There was a magnificent elm tree in front of the obscure little house in which the Esterwalds lived. A rude, rustic bench had been placed under it, and here Count Paul sat every day, dreaming through the long hours of the summer afternoons. In the beautiful old classics, the elm is the fabled tree of dreams. It is the dream tree in the land of shadows, "with dreams clustering under all its leaves." Just so the grand, green elm in front of the obsure little house was old Count Paul's dream tree. For him a rare dream clustered under every one of its beautiful leaves. Sometimes the dream was a dream of this world, of his youth, of his fair Theresa, of his home in beloved Hungary. But oftener the dream was a dream of the world to come, of the gentle wife and the dark-eyed children who had "followed one another in at the beautiful gate of the city." In at the beautiful gate through which he too would shortly travel. So the gentle old man sat under his dream-tree, in the summer days, dreaming and singing softly the wild, sweet airs of Hungary. Most of all he loved to lean back against the dream-tree, close his eyes, and hum, in a half whisper, the Rakoczy March, the Marseillaise of Hungary. Full many a time its wild, thrilling music had fired his gallant young heart with martial ardor, years and years ago. He loved it still, and his Theresa had loved it, and played it on her harp, in the years which were now so very, very far away.

One evening, about two weeks after Lady Theresa's death, it was, John Stone came home earlier than usual. He told Hilda and her father that he had that day received a letter from his old home, and that he must go East, suddenly. His aged father was on his death-bed, and had sent for him, and he was the old man's only son. He must go immediately, to-morrow. He, John Stone, had some pride, a foolish pride, perhaps, but it would please him to take his old father and friends some proof that he was really married to the daughter of a Hungarian nobleman. He admitted that they had sometimes had grounds to doubt his simple word, in the days when he had been wild and reckless.

He had already their marriage certificate, to be sure, but he wanted rather more than that. For this reason, he would take it as a very great favor if Hilda and her father would, in presence of the proper public official, sign a paper which he had prepared, setting forth that his wife, Hilda Esterwald, was the daughter and sole surviving child of Count Paul Esterwald and Theresa Warluff, of ——— County, Hungary. The paper also set forth some of the strange incidents in the live of Paul Esterwald and Theresa Warloff. He only wanted this document for his own satisfaction, he said. Count Paul and Hilda signed the paper, though wondering a little why John Stone should be so particular.

John Stone was gone for several months. Hilda and her father lived alone, meanwhile, happier in the absence of John Stone than they would have been in his presence, this gentle old father and his sweet, quiet daughter. The months seemed scarcely more than weeks, when one morning John Stone returned as unexpectedly as he had gone away. He was dressed with great care, and looked more the gentleman than one could possibly have imagined, with his ridiculous broad face and ox like gait. If little Hilda shrank back slightly from the two rousing smacks which he bestowed upon her cheeks, one after the other, he did not know it. He was in high good humor, although, as he said, his father had died and was buried during his absence. He wrung the hand of Count Paul till the joints cracked, and seemed almost as if about to greet the old gentleman too with a great, bearish hug.

Evidently something had come over him. He explained what it was, presently. He had great good news for his wife and father, he said. After living poor all their lives, how would they like to be rich? Would they like it? Because they were going to be very rich, soon; were rich now, in fact. His, John Stone's father, had been wealthier than was supposed. He was a good old father, but he had always been something of a miser, if the truth must be told, and at his death it was found that there was money enough to make his two children, John and Rebecca, rich for the rest of their days.

Then the fortunes of the Esterwald family changed indeed. No more pinching, no more anxious forethought, no more music lessons, no more poverty. John Stone was astonishingly free with his money. First a handsome new house was bought, then wonderful new carpets and rosewood and mahogany furniture without end were added. There were silks and servants and velvets for poor little Hilda, to her heart's content, and "a coach and four and gold galore," besides. There were shining jewels and sparkling diamonds such as Hilda had never seen in his life, only read of in story-books, or had heard of, may be, when, at rare times, Lady Theresa would talk to her gentle daughter of her own long vanished days, describing, just a little regretfully, mayhap, the gold and jewels with which she had been wont to deck herself, in those bright, fleeting years. There were books in abundance, for old Count Paul, and there was a garden for him to cultivate, all to himself. So that Count Paul Esterwald ended his days as he had began them, in the midst of peace and plenty.

The only object which seemed out of place and ill-fitting amid all this luxury and beauty, was John Stone himself. To be sure, he did his best, in the way of dress and deportment, but do what he might, he was still an ignoramus, uncouth and uncultured, and such he would be till the end of the chapter. He felt it at times too, coarse-grained and thick-skinned though he was. But he was always kind to little Hilda. Let us say that of him, for it is the truth. She, on her part, kept her duty to him faithfully, doing her best to conceal the repugnance which sometimes would rise up in her heart against him, in spite of herself. She was fortunate in that she had never met her ideal man, either before or after she was wedded to John Stone, the ideal whom so many women dream of, and awake,—only to be so fearfully disappointed! In fact, I don't know whether Hilda Esterwald ever had any ideal man or not. If so, happy, happy Hilda! It is quite likely not. She had known so few men in her life, no young men at all except John Stone and the cross-eyed milkman,—that it is quite likely she carried in her heart no ideal picture of a hero. If so, again—happy, happy Hilda! But she felt grateful to John Stone, and she was a good wife to him, because to him she owed all the comfort, the brightness and the beauty which latterly had come into her own and her father's life.

In the midst of this comfort, this brightness and beauty, little Arria was born. She wasn't a beauty herself, however, at first, not by any manner of means. In truth, she never at any time became handsome enough to go down to posterity in a historical painting, but when she had reached, say the interesting period of three days old, she was absolutely too plain to think about. Her grandfather could not repress a grimace when he first saw her, and he grumbled to the nurse and wondered what the Esterwalds were coming to. For the Esterwald women and the Esterwald babies had been famous for their beauty, in the old days in Hungary.

And this baby had such a frightfully pug nose; and she was so dreadfully black and cross. However, she improved rapidly in looks, and the old Count speedily became fond of her. He liked her better even than his favorite book, the Maxims of Stanislaus, King of Poland, and after she grew old enough to toddle about upon her chubby little feet, he was wholly satisfied with her. He lived until the little girl was four years old, old enough to walk beside him with her tiny hand in his, old enough to remember him all the rest of her life, and then the gentle old man closed his eyes and followed the fair wife and the dark-eyed children,—journeyed over the river and in at the beautiful gate.

Meanwhile, every care was lavished upon Arria, every manner of pains taken with her education. John Stone, whom nothing had ever been able to polish, except in spots, and very small ones, and with whom the thin coat of varnish upon the outside never could wholly hide the native bear within, determined to take all the bear out of Arria, in the start. He was a wise father. French, Italian, music and drawing-masters, according to the most approved fashionable rules for educating a rich young lady, were obtained without stint, and severely enjoined to carve an accomplished young lady out of the untouched block committed to their care. But the block was a chip of the old block, in some ways. She never would "take learning," to any great extent, and Father John Stone had mostly his labor for his pains. She was very graceful, quite pretty and piquant-looking, by the time she was sixteen, fascinating, in truth, to people who didn't know her quite as well as her French and Italian teachers, but she was a little ignoramus, and the truth may as well be owned up to in the start.

Not a great, blundering, awkard ignoramus, like her father, but a pretty, sprightly, squirrel-like ignoramus, whom often one can't help being very fond of, at the same time one feels exasperated enough at her to shake her head off.—There were one or two things she could do well, however. She had inherited something of her mother's gift for music, and sang ballads very sweetly, though still with a touch of shallowness in the sound, as though no very deep or earnest feelings had ever been aroused in the singer's heart. Besides that, she certainly had a wonderful faculty of making comic almanac pictures. She could caricature, in a most grotesque and ridiculous way, anything under the sun, from a baby's stocking to her own father's red head and freckled face. And caricaturing was the one thing on earth that she delighted to do. She would sit for hours, neglecting everything else, covering page after page of good drawing paper with the wildest, most laughable creations that the human mind could conceive.

But this gift of his daughter's was a source of constant displeasure and mortification to John Stone. The power of making comic almanac pictures was by no means according to his ideal of the proper development of a young lady's mind. Finally he forbade her drawing at all, even so much as a rosebud. Which had the effect to cause her to draw more comic pictures than ever,—on the sly.

And that was Arria at sixteen years old, still with a slightly pug nose, it must be confessed, but turned up no more than enough to give her a piquant, faintly saucy expression, which was becoming to her, on the whole. She had inherited the grace and shapeliness of the Esterwalds, with bright black eyes, dark curls and shining little white teeth and red lips, and was altogether as pretty and sprightly a girl as you would see in five years. Quite pretty enough for a heroine, if she had been good for anything, which she wasn't.

Then more changes in the fortunes of the Esterwald Stones.

One day Arria sat quietly practising a new ballad at the piano. She had been a good girl, that day. Her father sat smoking his pipe and looking out the window. Her mother, the quiet little Hilda, whom we knew, freely indulged all her tastes now, and was quite the elegant, accomplished lady they had vainly tried to make out of Arria. On the day mentioned, Hilda was in the room with her husband and daughter, rummaging a box of old papers, to find a letter she had mislaid. Suddenly the box of papers was violently upset. Arria looked up, just in time to see her mother fling the papers down, except a little slip of newspaper which she held in her hand, and rush to the window where her father sat smoking. She clutched him by the shoulder, and shook him violently, fragile little woman though she was, and exclaimed, in a voice choking with passion:

"God in heaven! John Stone! you have deceived me all these years, and I have been idiot enough not to know it. Oh! fool—fool that I was! Tell me what this means."

Then Arria saw her father dash his beautiful meerscham pipe on the floor, seize her mother's hand and try to snatch the paper away. His face was white as a sheet, she saw. Her mother kept tight hold of the paper, fierce as a tiger, until, in the struggle it dropped upon the carpet. Arria, frightened and wondering, picked the paper up and read it. And here is what she read:

**'INFORMATION WANTED:**

"OF Theresa Warloff, formerly of ——County, Hungary. If living, she is supposed to be either in England or America. Her repentant father, lately deceased, leaves her or her heirs, by will, a legacy equal to the half of his property. If in America, she or her heirs can obtain the same by furnishing proper proofs of identity and applying to Lathrop & Martin, lawyers, New York City."

That was the tell-tale slip of paper which John Stone had found upon the floor of his dingy little drinking-house in Y., eighteen years ago.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### The New North west

An army officer, who has spent a dozen years in Montana, writes: "I have traveled in many countries, and been stationed in many different portions of America, but I have never found a climate that suited me so completely as this of Montana." A resident of Northern Montana writes, that on January 9th, 1871, his family spent the day without fires, and with open windows. On the 30th of December, 1870, Judge Rice of Maine, plucked a bouquet of flowers in the open fields in Washington Territory. Rev. Mr. Spaulding, the venerable missionary who has spent 30 years in Idaho, Montana, and Oregon, assures us that herds of domestic cattle are wintered on the slopes of the Rocky Mountains, with no food but the abundant bunch grass. This could not be done in Southern Illinois. Stock rasers in Wyoming and Southern Idaho drive their herds north, to the vicinity of the Northern Pacific route, to spend the winters, on account of the milder season, less snow fall, and abundant grazing. Buffalo make similar migrations, taught by instinct and experience. A few definite facts like these (and they could be multiplied without limit) outweigh volumes of climate theory. The subject of the temperature of the belt within which lies the Land Grant of the Northern Pacific Railroad, cannot be better summed up than by repeating that Minnesota has the average temperature of Northern New York without its discomfort and chill; Dakota, that of Iowa, with a drier and more invigorating air; Montana, that of Ohio, without its dampness and changeableness; Washington and Oregon have the climate of Virginia, with more rain and cooler summer nights.

The Catholic priest at Westerly, Rhode Island, has prohibited the members of his church from engaging in the liquor business.

## Religious Reading.

### THE BROAD CREED.

TRUTH is one:
And in all lands beneath the sun,
Whoso hath eyes to see may see
The tokens of its unity.
No scroll of creed its fullness wraps,
We trace it not by school-boy maps;
Free as the sun and air it is
Of latitudes and boundaries.

* * *

Nor doth it lessen what He taught,
Or make the gospel Jesus brought
Less precious, that His lips retold
Some portion of that truth of old;
Denying not the proven seers,
The tested wisdom of the years;
Confirmed with His own impress
The common law of righteousness.
We search the world for truth; we cull
The good, the pure, the beautiful
From graven stone and written scroll
From all old flower-fields of the soul;
And, weary seekers of the best,
We come back laden from our quest,
To find that all the sages said
Is in the Book our mother read.
And all our treasure of old thought
In his harmonious fullness wrought,
Who gathers in one sheaf complete
The scattered blades of God's sown wheat,
The common growth that maketh good
His all-embracing Fatherhood.

Wherever through the ages rise
The altars of self-sacrifice,
Where love its arms has opened wide
Or man for man has calmly died,
I see the same white wings outspread

* * * *

That hovered o'er the Master's head!
I trace his presence in the blind
Pathetic gropings of any kind—
In prayers for sin and sorrow wrung,
In cradel hymns of life they sung,
Each in its measure, but a part
Of the unmeasured Over-Heart;
And with a stronger faith confess
The greater that it owns the less.

—*Whittier's Miriam.*

Man must have occupation or be miserable. Toil is the price of sleep and appetite—of health an enjoyment. The very necessity which overcomes our natural sloth is a blessing.

Man glorifies God not only by worship, but also by obedience; by performing the duties which God sent him into the world to perform. Each one has a mission. We are here in the world to accomplish some specific act. God has given us our country, our age, our status, our talents, our surroundings, that we might perform some special work for him. The man who performs the work which God gives him to do is said, in this sense, to glorify God; he lives for the purpose which God created him; he does the work which he was appointed to do; he works in harmony with God's great plans.

Our experience has been, that those church members who meet to talk about their own "frames," and to burn incense to each other's praise are not good for much at hard, thorough work. They become exclusive, and draw together into little coteries, which spend their time in brilliant experiences, and in glorifying "the higher Christian life." They seem to care more about having a "good time" with each other, than in making other people the better. And while they are busy in feeling their pulses, and feeding on sentimental raptures, the outside world of sinners are left to die in their sins.—*Cuyler.*

If a man thinks that he has given a shrewd blow to his lust, let him know that this is an argument for him to pursue his advantage, and to redouble his strokes upon it, to a perfect conquest, rather than to acquiesce, as if he had achieved something sufficient to acquit himself in the combat. The utmost cruelty to an inveterate enemy is always successful, if sufficiently powerful, but if a man shall content himself to have given such an adversary a scratch on the hand, when he might and should have stabbed him to the heart, let him thank himself, if in the issue he fall by a recovered fury, and die by that strength that he spared, to his own ruin.—[*Dr. South.*

To the tree the fruit is not the cause of life, but the result of it, and to the life of the Christian, good works bear the same relationship; they are its outgrowth, not its root. If then, my spiritual life is low, what am I to look to. I am not to look to my prayers; I am not to find comfort in my works. I may from these, discover how declining I am, but if I want my life renovated, I must fly to the fountain of my life, even Jesus, for there, and there only, shall I find restoration. Do let us recollect this, that we are not saved because of anything that we are, or anything that we do; and that we do not remain saved because of anything we are or can be.—*Spurgeon.*

Would the vicious man when he has grown old turn to a better life? He can not. He was once in a condition to be moulded, but his character has solidified into granite, and he must remain what he is. But these surroundings which have petrified him, were his choice in his formative period. All things tended at the outset as they have resulted, but it was only a tendency. It has become a fact. The germ of character so easily moulded was committed to him to be fashioned into the symmetry and stability of virtue. It became the changeless embodiment of vice, and became so because the heart was neglected instead of being kept with all diligence.—*J. B. Loomis.*

Have you ever witnessed the simple experiment in chemistry, by which a drop of acid will change in color the entire contents of a jar? The drop has permeated the whole. So a single act of moral conduct pervades the whole texture of character. Can one who has uttered a falsehood ever again be free from the stain? Though a single act, it spreads all through one's nature, forms part of all the future warp and woof. It will always be true that there has been one falsehood, though a million acts of kindness may have followed. And all these present life-issues go forward to color all the future, and there is no detergent that can remove the stain.—*J. B. Loomis.*

What renders vigilance so necessary to Christian piety is, that all the passions which oppose themselves in us to the law of God only die, as I may say, with us. We undoubtedly are able to weaken them, by the assistance of grace and a fervent and lively faith; but the roots always continue in the heart—we always carry within us the principles of the same errors. Guilt may be extinguished in our hearts; but sin, as the apostle says—that is to say the corrupt inclinations which have formed our guilt—inhabits and lives more still; and that fund of corruption which removes us so far from God, is still left us in our penitence, to serve as a continual exercise to virtue; to humble our pride; to keep us in remembrance that the duration of our present life is a time of war and danger; and, by a destiny inevitable to our nature, that there is only one step between relaxation and guilt.

# Weekly Toledo Blade.

A. F. MILLER. D. R. LOCKE. J. P. JONES.

MILLER, LOCKE & Co., Proprietors

TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY MARCH 30, 1871.


## SCHOLARLY DIPLOMACY.

We have had occasion to express our regret that the Administration manifested so strong a disposition to put men of mediocre ability and interior scholarship in positions where only able and scholarly men could do credit to themselves and the country. We are reminded of the propriety of the position we have heretofore taken, especially in regard to changes which have been mooted in diplomatic appointments, by the perusal of an article in Lippincott's *Magazine* in regard to the valuable and essential services rendered by CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, in the trying period of the rebellion, at the English Court. That we parsed through the critical period of that serious and eventful struggle without becoming involved in the meshes of the wily diplomacy of Europe is largely owing to the fact that we had as our representative at London a minister prepared by his thorough knowledge of the diplomatic relations of this country and with other governments, and particularly with that of Great Britain, to discuss in an intelligent and masterly manner all the questions, abstruse, delicate and difficult, as many of them were, without giving occasion for offence, on the one hand, or any surrender of American rights or dignity on the other. The most serious calamities of the world come from the blunders of the incapable, rather than the crimes of the corrupt. Hence for a government to instrust the grave issues of peace or war to novices, or to men of rash temper, or meager attainments, is itself a crime. A prudent regard for our reputation abroad should lead us to send to foreign courts our most able and scholarly men, but more than all, the sad and deplorable calamities which might follow the rashness on the blunders of an incapable, are too vast to be contemplated without a shudder of apprehension. That we passed through the war safely, and without a complication or rupture with England, is because we had CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS at the Court of St. James and CHARLES SUMNER at the head of the Committee on Foreign Relations in the Senate of the United States. At the time of the seizure of MASON and SLIDELL, a mere politician, anxious to be carried along by the impulse of an excitable and imperfectly informed populace, would have refused to surrender the rebel emissaries at the demand of England. Then the difference between the politician and the statesman was manifested in the conduct both of Minister ADAMS and of Senator SUMNER. They knew the perils of the situation, and their knowledge of international law enabled them to avoid the yawing gulf of ruin, which the patriotic zeal of a brave naval officer had thrown open before us. Mr. SUMNER did not fear to contradict and oppose the fierce demand made to beard the British lion rather than humiliate ourselves by a surrender. A man of less knowledge and less firmness would have been incapable of appreciating the duty and the peril of such an hour as that was. The same caution, dignity, and profound regard for law characterized Mr. ADAMS. The reviewer we have alluded to, on this point says:

"That the British government was held to a neutrality, however imperfect, instead of proceeding to an active intervention, was largely due to the admirable temper and ability with which our diplomacy was conducted. A short time sufficed to make it appear that Mr. Adams was not to be bullied or cajoled, or hoodwinked, or irritated into an imprudence, and every day of his long residence near the British court brought its confirmation to that profitable lesson. Under provocations and assumptions the more offensive for being sheathed in soft diplomatic phrase, not a petulant word was to be had from the American minister, nor a word, on the other hand, indicative of a want of proud confidence in the claims and in the future of his country. A timid and yielding temper would have invited encroachments; a testy humor or discourteous address would have been seized upon as excuse for reserve or counter irritation. Nor by the preparation of study was he less equal to the difficult occasion than by native qualities of mind and character, as was proved more than once when, Lord John having flattered himself that he had discovered some chink in our mail in some passage of our treatment of Spain and the South American republics, the pert diplomatist had to learn that it would be prudent for him to go into a more careful reading of the records of past American administrations. It is of less consequence to say that Mr. Adams' personal accomplishments, his familiarity with the usages of elegant society, his cultivated taste in art, and the good scholarship of his acquaintance with the classical historians orators and poets (a sort of attainment no where more considered than in England), added to the estimation which attached to him. Going to that country in circumstances of the extremest perplexity and trial, he left it, after seven years, the object of universal respect, and of an extent and earnestness of private regard seldom accorded, in any circumstances, to the representative of a foreign power. To maintain an inflexible and an inoffensive attitude, to assert, without a jot or tittle of abatement, a country's unconceded right, yet expose no colgn of vantage to the aggressor by a rash advance, to enforce justice, and tranquilize passion at the same time, is the consummate achievement, the last crowning grace of diplomacy."

A small politician who copld pack caucuses, buy his way through venal Legislatures, and pettifog for class interests in Congress, would play the part of a bull in a china shop were he to be entrusted with tasks which only the ripest scholarship and the largest ability can handle successfully. Hence the anxiety with which thoughtful men regard the removal of MOTLEY, and the rumors sent flying over the wires every now and then as feelers of public opinion about removing BANCROFT to put some inferior man in his place. We can not but deplore the tendencies to this very improper and impolitic couse. There are places the pigmies may fill without supplanting the intellectual giants of the country from the positions in which they are needed.

### SPECIMEN COPIES.

Remember that we send specimen copies *and postage paid*, to any address sent us for that purpose, and we respectfully request our readers to send us the name of any of their friends who are not now subscribers and who they think would like to examine the BLADE. Send the names from as many different Post Offices as possible.

## REPUBLICAN SENTIMENT ON THE SAN DOMINGO QUESTION.

There was a power and meaning in the projects of the slaveholding oligarcy for the purchase and annexation of foreign territory which the San Domingo scheme does not possess. There were adventurers, bond and land speculators, ambitious politicians, and every other form of organized selfishness and rapacity connected with them, but, above and beyond all these, there was an intelligent and definite purpose to strengthen and enliven the slave holding interest of the country. To the slave power the purchase of new territory and the making of new slave States were essential in order to the dominion and control of the slave interests in the government. The end sought was a bad one, to be sure, but in its day the slave interest was a strong one, and it vigorously sought to save itself from invasion and extinction by a formidable system of territorial expansion. Nefarious and wicked as slavery was, it was to be expected that, like any other monster outgrowth of selfishness, it would obey the instinctive law of self-preservation, and yield its life only when it was overpowered by its mightier foes.

The Louisiana purchase, the annexation of Texas, the fillibustering expeditions to Cuba, Nicaragua, all had an intelligent principle and motive, such as it was, underlying them, namely, to increase the political strength of slavery. The speculators, politicians, and corruptionists, related to them, were only the barnacles clinging to the ship's keel, but in the San Domingo scheme the barnacles are all there is of the whole movement. Beyond the plunder, and the gain to a few interested parties, there is no interest subserved, no principle sustained, no political affiliations strengthened. Beyond plunder, or hope of plunder, it has no significance whatever.

We opposed the southern annexation schemes because we were opposed to the principle which prompted and actuated them. We are opposed to San Domingo because it has no principle—no significance, except the ignoble purpose to furnish material for the vultures and jackals of our politics to prey and fatten upon.

In an evil hour the President has given an ear to the plots and plans of these schemers. It would have been better had he familiarized himself rather with the deep-seated and wholesome aversion with which the intelligent people of all parties regard these schemes of forced political expansion. As a people, if let alone, we desire peace and not war. We want to make money, but not by pillage and slaughter. We are willing to help and to protect, if need be, the weaker republics about us, but we do not seek to eat them up, by way of manifesting regard for them. Many of our people have been glad to get away from Europe because of the wars about territory, and dynasties, and balance of power questions, which every now and then cover the land with widows and orphans, the result of these quarrels about annexations and political divisions. But the President, instead of listening to the counsel of the wise among the people, has listened to the flattering and deceptive words of those who always add thrift to their fawning.

The conscience of the nation rebels, against seeking or making occasion of a quarrel with the weaker Republic of Hayti, and that is about as certain to follow, as it is certain that war followed in the wake of the annexation of Texas. Already, Capt. TEMPLE, of the Tennessee, who is better acquainted with international and martial law than the political and literary men who make up the San Domingo Commission, has been obliged to warn the gentlemen of the Commission not to go beyond the line of BAEZ, as if found by CABRAL'S men they may be executed as spies. So far has our government already given cause of war to Hayti by its alliance with BAEZ, and its menace of the powers with whom that "jockey" and adventurer is in conflict. We do not want St. Domingo, to begin with, and if we did, we do not want to buy it of a "jockey" who does not own it. And if his title were ever so perfect we want no inglorious war with Hayti. To conquer Hayti we must spend millions of money in a war of extermination. Is it a time to spring war provoking measures on the country, with a very grave and formidable difference unsettled between our own government and one of the strongest and most martial nations of the world? England would like no better joke than for the American athlete to bind his strongest hand behind his back in a quarrel with Hayti, before settling that little dispute about the Alabama claims.

The Republican press of this country has uttered a manly warning against the San Domingo folly and the mischief growing out of it. The New York *Post* contains a list of fifty-one leading Republican papers in eighteen Republican States which oppose this project. To this list fifty more could easily be added within the same territory. The Democratic press is unanimously opposed to it, not only as dividing the Republican strength by its course, but because San Domingo has no popular strength. If it had the leaders of that party would be glad to avail themselves of it. The New Hampshire election is a loud and authoritative rebuke of the nefarious scheme. With the rattle of Ku Klux musketry in our ears, and the arrogant command of their officials to the northern men of the South to leave the ground which southern "gentlemen" claim the right to govern, is no time to take on new burdens or more onerous cares, such as are incident to the San Domingo annexation project. Judging from the news we hear of the wrongs and outrages being perpetrated every day in the South we have enough half-civilized and semi-barbaric elements now under our jurisdiction, without going abroad to seek more. Let the President close his ear to jobbers and flatterers, so that the voice of the people can be heard, and he may yet avoid much of the threatened evil.

When Eve told Adam to chastise his son, what five scriptural names did she use? "Adam," Seth Eve, "Cain Abel."

## THE WEST POINT OUTRAGES.

The Administration is, we fear, not making either a popular or creditable record for itself in the case of the West Point difficulty. A number of students clubbed together to execute what they claimed to be a measure of just discipline upon three cadets who held appointments in the institution by the favor of the government. They drove these young men away by threats of violence and by the use of a measure of physicial force. The officers of the institution, so far from punishing the perpetrators of this unlawful and riotous act, virtually sanctioned it by advising the victims of the outrage to resign, and by refusing to call the rioters to account for their bad conduct. Of all places in the world, West Point, the school where our future military commanders are to be instructed and have their habits formed, should be the last where such loose and scandalous discipline should prevail. If the boys be taught to give loose rein to passion, that they may be lawless with impunity, what tyranny may we not look for from them when they are trusted with almost irresponsible power over the private soldiers in our armies? If this be the style of discipline they are taught in the school, what may we look for from them in the camp and in the field? If they abuse their compeers in rank with mob violence, what is to keep them from abusing the almost unprotected enlisted men in their custody! So grave is the outrage that the House of Representatives felt compelled to express to the Executive its convictions as to what he ought to do in view of these scandalous occurrences. There was law enough already to punish such offences, and the President had the power to execute it. All that either House could do, properly, was to express its judgment that the Executive branch of the Government should order a court of inquiry to investigate into the guilt of the parties charged, both officers and cadets, and execute just discipline, as their several cases should require. And yet we are told that the President refuses to order the investigation asked for, and that he says that he regards the advice of the House as entitled to no more weight than the action of a town meeting! If ANDREW JOHNSON had said that, it would have been considered somewhat disrespectful to a co-ordinate branch of the government! The advice in itself was just and good, whether it came from Congress, or a town meeting, and practically the serious point of the case is, not that the President flouts the action of the House, but that he disregards the good policy and wisdom of the advice so modestly and carefully given. The President can hardly afford to despise a judgment the people most heartily and unanimously approve.

That the President's own son is one of the parties implicated in this scandalous transaction does not brighten the shadows which surround this disgraceful passage in our history. We do not know how far, nor how deeply, the scion of the house of GRANT is involved in this affair—we have never inquired whether he was a leader or a follower. It is enough that he is charged. That fact makes it proper that his relation to the affair should be inquired into the same as if he were the son of an obscure citizen. If a President's son cannot be subject to discipline in a public school, then no President's son should ever be allowed to enter such an institution. What the British practice is we shall not undertake to say, but the theory is that the scions of the royal house attending on the government schools, and in the service, are subject to the law the same as others. We object decidedly to the course which the President seems determined to pursue in this matter. In a discussion of this case before the people in a political campaign, should Gen. GRANT be a candidate for re-election, his political opponents would have an advantage over him which he would do well to consider, while it is yet possible to amend the record so as to make it more defensible and creditable than it is as it now stands.

### HOW A TRUE STATESMAN IS SUPPORTED.

The Washington correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* who recently called upon Senator SUMNER found him in his study, engaged in opening and examining his evening mail. In conversation over the letters of sympathy and encouragement which came in from every quarter in the hour of his conflict with persecutors, the visitor got a glimpse at the sources of the strength and courage of a man of ideas, namely, the support of an intelligent, reliable and brave constituency. He says:

For the first time I saw what a magnificent country he drained, and how superb were his tributaries. To make the Amazon requires a spontaneous, ardent climate, rich rains, and a great back-country, and such seemed to me to be New England and Massachusetts to their representative Senator. His mail was rich with argosies of comfort, with fountains of encouragement, with little barges of faith, from people unknown, with all the noble zeal and wholeness of loyalty with which New England equips her soldier and sends him out. To this old veteran of twenty years she sent her supplies, on this occasion, no less than to the raw troops who fought in the streets of Baltimore, or saved the capital by the flank. Here, in his hour of conflict, when the lightnings of the administration had been turned upon him, and his phlegmatic gluttons had been put to pummeling him against the wall, or crowding him from his seat, the old Bay State sent in on every courier-bird a missive of "Hold out! We're with you!" Having trusted this man so long, he was not to be given up for the passion of the hour. If he believed he was right, his belief was entitled to respect by the length of his services, by his pride of character, by his long loyalty to his neighbors and the country, and by the fame he had won for both. His neighbors sent him this comfort with noble forethought.

I saw, as the strong man opened these letters, one after the other, how tenderly he esteemed them and what strength they gave him. He did not fly at his mail and tear it open like a novice, but, with the cool method of one accustomed to much correspondence, he opened the envelopes with bits of conversation between each letter, and read passages aloud. He told us that he never made a step without knowing that Massachusetts was somewhere back in the dark, and that, though he should wander, the old State would never budge. It would give its angels charge concerning him, lest at any time he might fall and dash his foot against a stone.

The Crown Prince of Saxony is mentioned in a pen photograph as a very tall, spare, bashful, awkward man, with milk-and-water eyes, and long, thin, straggling yellow hair—in short, a mature Master Slender.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

We have much faith in what Mr. WILLIAM WELSH, of Philadelphia, says concerning Indian affairs. He has been bold and unsparing in exposing frauds like those by which General BLUNT swindled the Indians out of $30,000, and we are therefore inclined to listen to him when he says that all the obstacles which have heretofore lain in the way of Indian civilization are removed. By this he means that the suggestions made to the President upon the subject, and recommended by him, have been made practicable by the legislation of Congress. Appropriations are now placed in the hands of a Board of Commissioners, and vouchers must be examined, revised and approved by an Executive Committee, subject to appeal to the Secretary of the Interior. The Commissioners will proceed to stock farms for the Sioux Indians, and hold out to them every possible inducement to adopt the habits of civilized life. Our Indian affairs never before looked so promising as they now do under a Christian policy and the march of civilization across the continent.

A cable dispatch announces the landing of the ex-Emperor NAPOLEON at Dover, England. He was enthusiastically received by some of the Imperialists who have taken refuge in the one country which is, after all, the only real friend of liberty and Democracy in Europe. Here he can rest in safety at least until the result is known in France. He is one of the children of destiny, and his own history may possible repeat itself. More than twenty years ago he was in England, a bachelor musing upon and anticipating the career which he felt awaited him. Now he returns to England, an ex-Emperor with an ex-Empress and an ex-heir to the throne of France to keep him company. Now he looks back upon history which then was prophecy. But he may be looking forward also with a prophetic eye to more of the history of France in which he and his offspring are to take part. He was once also a lonely man about New York, dreaming dreams of empire, which history, in order to avenge the wrong of his grandmother, JOSEPHINE, determined that he should realize. He may again visit New York to muse on the unstability of human things, and to envy thousands of unambitious sovereigns, whose hats are crowns and whose chairs are thrones, their obscurity and peace of mind.

THE only change indicated by the last night's dispatches in the state of affairs in Paris is in favor of the insurgents. They have, it seems, complete possession of the city, and the THIERS government has fled to Versailles. A dispatch from our Minister, Mr. WASABURNE, announces that he is to follow the Government. Thirty thousand troops have been sent for to aid the Government in suppressing the mob, but it is not intimated whether they will be forthcoming, and should they arrive, it will be impossible to rely upon them. The strangest feature of the *emeute* is that the soldiers supposed to be Imperialists fraternized with the insurgents, supplied them with arms and gave the city into their possession. It is impossible to say whether they did this in the interest of the Republicans or the Imperialists, for a dispatch announces that the city is full of Bonapartists who have supplied the insurgents with money. Is it possible that what is understood as a *coup d' etat* of the Republicans is another *coup d' etat* of LOUIS NAPOLEON to recover the throne? Shall we see the Bonapartist agents gather a sufficient force to seize Paris, overthrow the present government, and call NAPOLEON back to give France peace again by means of an absolute sway?

The words of LOUIS FOURTEENTH, "Unhappy France!" are as pertinent to-day as they they were in his time. Demoralized by nearly twenty years of Bonapartist rule, struck down and disarmed by Germany, and now, in her efforts to get upon her feet, harassed and prevented by an internal mob, the condition of the gallant and unstable nation excites the liveliest interest throughout Christendom. The Assembly was fairly chosen, but a majority of the members are monarchists. To this, it seems, the Red Republican minority refuse to submit, and have seized the capital and ordered another election. In their anxiety to get rid of the Germans, the Parisians have exchanged order for anarchy. Something like this was apprehended, and it was a grave mistake of the authorities not to leave the Germans in possession of Paris until a new government could be organized. It is possible that they will be recalled to save France from herself.

THE latest cause which we have seen assigned for the failure of France in the recent war is drunkenness. This may sound strange in view of the beer drinking propensities of the Germans, but there is doubtless much in it. It was a chief vice by which the strength of the nation was sapped. A journal published at Havre, calls on the nation to adopt practical and stringent measures to suppress intemperance and says "the nation, now aroubled and unhinged, will be led back to the habits of modesty, and industry, order, morality, and discipline, lost by it amid the unwholesome fumes of the taverns." In France, a new beverage, of which we know little or nothing in this country, has of late years come into use, and which is said to be nearly as demoralizing in its effects as opium. This is the drink known as *absinthe* which has come into almost universal use. Alchohol in all its forms is terrible enough, but it is doubtless mild compared with absinthe and opium in destroying the moral and mental integrity of a people.

WE were prepared to see the New York Democracy consent to allow a colored society to parade with their brothers from Ireland in the Fenian Exile Reception Procession; we were prepared to see the Democracy of San Francisco consent to allow their colored fellow citizens to parade with those original Abolitionists who celebrated St. Patrick's day on Friday last, but we were not prepared to see a Democratic paper lecturing its cotemporaries on the use of the word "nigger." *The Paper*, which died recently at Pittsburgh of deficient circulation, thus takes one of its Democratic cotemporaries to task: "A little dignity would prevent the use of such epithets, and we hope our neighbor will replenish its supply of the former article. There is no reason why a negro should be called a 'nigger' any more than a German should be called a Dutchman." The civilizing influence of the ballot is wonderful. We remember that only a few years ago the principal Democratic campaign songs ended with this chorus:

"Nig-nig
Nig-nig
Nig-nig
Nigger."

A CHICAGO despatch states that a meeting was held in that city on Saturday in the interest of the Huron and Ontario Ship Canal. This Canal is considered of more importance to Chicago than the Niagara Ship Canal or the present New York and Canadian Canals, from the great saving in both distance and freight. The Canal will extend from Toronto to Georgian Bay, by way of Lake Simcoe, and the Canal proper will be but sixty miles in length. It will give Chicago and the upper lakes direct trade with Liverpool for vessels of 1,200 tons burden, and will save, by way of the St. Lawrence, a distance of 344 miles. By way of the Erie Canal and New York, the saving in time will be fourteen to sixteen days, and the annual saving in freight, at the present amount shipped, will be $12,000,000. It is thought that the Canal can be constructed in five years, at an expense of $40,000,000. The construction of the Canal, it seems, is conditioned upon securing from the Canadian Government a land grant of 10,000,000 acres, to secure which those interested are now moving.

Owing to the large sum required for its construction, this Canal has been for some years considered impracticable, but it is quite probable that in these days of gigantic public improvements and of increase in the trade of the upper lakes, it will be built. The rapid development of the Lake Superior region, and of all the country beyond opened up by the Northern Pacific Railroad, will in time demand this short cut to tide water. Either this will be demanded, or there must be such an improvement of the Canadian and New York Canals as will compensate for the greater distance. The interests of the Lake Erie region lie in the latter direction.

OUR cable despatches are to-day of more interest than they have been since peace was signed in France. The insurgents have erected additional barricades and the attempt to suppress the insurrection failed because the soldiers refused to fight the mob and fraternized with it. Three prominent officers of the Government troops fell into the hands of the insurgents and are reported to have been executed. It is possible, therefore, that we are on the eve of another French Revolution in miniature. It is easy to suggest excesses to which the mob is likely to go, and a French journal says truly that the insurgents have already injured the cause of the Republic more than all the Bonapartes. The result will probably be that the German forces will be called back to protect France from one of her own mobs and that during such protection a monarchy will be organized. Unless the insurgents cease their resistance, this appears to be the only help for the temporary or transition Government now in authority. The provinces may, however, respond to a call to come forward to the help of the government.

It is easy to see in this further evidence of the unfitness of the French for self-government. In the provinces, they are supposed to lack the requisite intelligence. In the cities, where the heavy vote was cast against NAPOLEON at the last plebiscite, they are supposed to be sufficiently intelligent, but they lack the requisite stability.

That the Republicans are desperately in earnest there is no doubt, and it is to be regretted that they have not the qualities requisite to seize and hold the prize which is so nearly within their grasp. So great is their horror of monarchy, and so great their hatred of the Germans, that a Republican journal published at Lyons proposes that the French shall be called on to vote on the following propositions:

1. The French nation crushed, but not conquered, by the Prussian forces, refuse to sign peace with the barbarian invaders of the country.
2. The French nation freely gives itself to the Government of the United States Republic, sitting at Washington.
3. The United States Government, if the above be accepted, will take immediate possession of the territory of France, with its original limits, on the 19th of July, 1871.
4. France will be an integral portion of the Republic of the United States, under the name of the United States of Europe, and will be governed by the same constitution and the same laws, with such changes as might be rendered necessary by the difference of religion and customs.
5. Until the United States take possession of the French territory, France binds herself to continue the struggle *a l'outrance* against the Prussian forces.

Here is an annexation scheme before which San Domingo, Cuba, and, in fact, the whole American continent, must pale. The proposition is of course desperate and extravagant, but if put to vote it would no doubt be sustained by a heavy Republican vote. It is therefore of some value as indicating the tendency of political sentiment in Europe. The United States could not for a moment think of admitting France as a State into the Union nor of governing it as a Territory. It would bring us into one of those "entangling alliances" against which our continental policy is as much set as it is against permitting Europe to come into such alliances on this side, as expressed in the Monroe doctrine. But if France will set up and maintain a Republic, and become the basis of a European Republican Confederation, or of the United States of Europe, she will have the sympathy and recognition of America.

THE difference between our American mode of life and that of Europe may be indicated by the age at which public men on both continents retire. In America we develop rapidly, work irregularly and exhaustively, and use up our stock of vitality by the time life is half or three-fourths over. In Europe, development is more gradual, and the business of life is done more deliberately and with less worry and high-pressure. When secession came upon us a few years ago, it found an old man in the Presidential chair and an old man at the head of the army. Neither were capable of meeting the difficulties which arose, and it was fortunate for the country that BUCHANAN gave way to the more younger and vigorous LINCOLN and that the military conduct of the war was given into younger hands than those of SCOTT. If we except General THOMAS, the military leaders who suppressed the rebellion were young men. If we except Secretary SEWARD, the same may be said of the civil leaders.

In Europe, however, old men continue in office and achieve great results after the allotted time. PALMERSTON, LYNDHURST and BROUGHAM led public opinion and took a vigorous and active part in public affairs until they were eighty. Lord JOHN RUSSELL, almost an octogenarian, is still prominent in the Upper House of Parliament. The greatest war of modern times has been, on the side of the Germans, planned and conducted by old men. VON ROON, the Prussian War Minister, is nearly eighty. Emperor WILLIAM is seventy-four, and VON MOLTKE is between seventy and eighty. In France, THIERS is seventy-five and DUFAURE, the Minister of Justice, is seventy-three. GUIZOT was a minister and a leader before LOUIS NAPOLEON seized the throne, and although he is not now in active political life, he is writing books at eighty, with the vigor of his youth.

ELDER MILES GRANT, the Adventist, is credited with the statement that the New Jerusalem "would cover Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Delaware and nearly half of Pennsylvania." Does the Elder mean to intimate also that the city is to be confined to this section? This would give New England much the largest portion and would leave a very large part of the country "out in the cold." Besides, Western and Southern Democrats never could be induced to remove to New England.

But isn't the Elder amiss somewhat in his calculation. The city, according to the scriptural account, is to be twelve thousand furlongs, or fifteen hundred miles, square. A city of this size would cover nearly half of the United States, and, according to the opinions of some, would hold all the people who will ever be permitted to enter it. This may seem a matter of too remote concern for mention in a daily newspaper, but we are assured by the Elder that the end of the world is to come in 1872. We regret that he does not give us his opinion as to the exact location of this "Future Great City."

A LONDON despatch gives an account of the marriage of the Princess LOUISE to the Marquis of Lorne. The marriage was what the correspondents would call "brilliant," and the happy pair have posted off for the honeymoon. It will be noticed that the affair is to be celebrated throughout the Kingdom with more than usual feeling. It is considered in some sense a democratic triumph. Good sense and the human heart have triumphed over social "red tape," and royalty has taken a step which will go far toward breaking down the barriers of caste. This is not "leveling down," so much as it is "leveling up." Nor is the example to end here. Already it is reported that the Princess BEATRICE, the youngest daughter of the Queen, is betrothed to the Marquis of Ely, who belongs to a family said to be no leas honorable than that of the Marquis of Lorne. But there is still a further and more democratic rumor, viz: that a son of Queen VICTORIA proposes to marry the daughter of a Liverpool banker.

Whether there is any "diplomacy" in these marriages and betrothals, we cannot say, but it is certain that a very ancient and powerful restriction has been broken over and that democracy is having its social no ess than its political triumphs.

While upon this subject, we beg leave to state to the Queen that there are a number of mothers in a number of American cities who would not refuse their consent should any of the young Princes propose to any of their daughters. In fact, American mothers are partial to Princes, lords, and titled people, and their daughters are so charming that rumor says they are turning the heads of half the nobility from England to Spain. Besides, in America all men are sovereigns and all blood is royal, so that on the score of blood we can match any of the Queen's boys.

THE New York *World* devotes nearly a column to extracts from correspondence of military officers in North Carolina showing that no Ku Klux outrages have come under their immediate notice. This is all the value they have. They simply show that in the neighborhood of the military posts such outrages have not been committed. The Ku Klux would naturally keep away from such points and would do their bloody work in sections where they would be least likely to be caught. If there is any truth at all in repeated telegraphic despatches, in the statements of State officers, and in the admissions of the Southern press, then there is a Ku Klux organization which commits Ku Klux outrages in the South. These statements come from all the Southern States. The Governor of South Carolina has asked for troops to suppaess these bands and they have been sent. So bold has the organization become that it has warned the Governor and the Republican officers to quit the State. These bands are not composed of robbers banded together for purposes of plunder as the Democratic press would have us believe.—Not long since a constable and other officers were caught in the disguise of Ku Klux, about to commit one of their outrages upon a political opponent. But we need not depend upon newspaper statements. The investigating Committee which recently reported to Congress examined over twenty Republicans, nearly as many Democrats and a number of no party witnesses, and their testimony agreed that numbers of outrages had been committed and that they had been in nearly every instance committed upon members of the Republican party. The organization is a political one and its efforts are directed chiefly to assassinating and expelling Northern settlers, especially those who take part in politics, and the negroes who insist upon their rights under the Fifteenth Amendment.

### CONGRESS.

In the Senate, on the 20th, Mr. Hamilton, of Texas, who was declared entitled to the seat, took the oath of office. The resolution limiting the business of this session to legislation upon Southern affairs was taken up and Mr. Bayard spoke for several hours. A report was made recommending the admission of Messrs. Goldthwaite, of Alabama, and Blodget, of Georgia, to seats. The report was ordered printed. After a brief executive session, the Senate adjourned.

In the House, Mr. Butler introduced the bill agreed upon in Republican caucus to protect citizens of the United States in the full enjoyment of their rights. Mr. Shellabarger introduced a bill to secure to all persons within the jurisdiction of the United States, equal protection of the laws. Mr. Stevenson introduced a bill to relieve persons of political disabilities, the bill not to take effect in the Southern States until the President is satisfied that peace and order have been restored. A substitute for the Senate concurrent resolution appointing a Committee of investigation on the condition of the South was adopted. A resolution was adopted to adjourn on the 23d of March. Adjourned.

In the Senate, on the 21st, the amendment of the House to the Senate concurrent resolution for a Committee of Investigation on the South, was considered and laid aside for the morning business. A bill was introduced to establish a port of entry at Duluth. A memorial was presented and ordered to be printed protesting against the admission of Messrs. Foster and Blodgett as Senators from Georgia. The resolution specifying legislation for the present session was considered, but, without final action, the Senate adjourned.

In the House, no business of general interest was transacted. Some discussion arose upon a motion to correct the journal, and upon a resolution to pay certain award moneys. Adjourned.

### WASHINGTON NEWS.

The President has returned from Philadelphia, where he was the guest of A. J. Drexel, a prominent Democrat. The result of the President's trip will be a new collector of customs at Philadelphia.

The San Domingo Commission is expected in Washington by Friday or Saturday of this week. The President intends to send the report of the Commission to Congress as soon as received. The more cautious of the President's friends advise him not to press the measure at this session, but he seems determined to fight it out on this line. If it is now urged on Congress it will fail, it is thought, as the Senate is not in a mood to consider it favorably.

The debate on Senator Sherman's resolution to consider the Ku Klux outrages at this session still goes on in the Senate. It will last some days.

### HOW TO REMIT.

Money sent to us by Express pre-paid, by draft on New York, Philadelphia or Boston, by Post Office order, or in Registered Letter, will be at our risk—otherwise at the risk of the sender.

☞ The Boston *Journal*, after confessing the influence which the prohibitory liquor law question, local disaffection, and other minor causes, had in producing the defeat of the Republicans in New Hampshire, reads the following wholesome, sensible and truthful lesson on the general situation:

"Of greater importance, however, have been those causes of defeat which have flowed from Washington to New Hampshire, which the servants of the people have rolled back on the people themselves. It is not only that the National interests have been visibly neglected in some cases, like the failure to do anything for our shipping, to lessen taxation and improve the currency, but indiscreet measures have been pushed in utter disregard of public opinion. Whatever the future may develop, the nation now does not call for the annexation of San Domingo; and to involve our standing as a government by sending our navy on a domineering expedition into foreign waters, and to embroil our whole political situation by forcing an unpopular and premature issue in Congress is a blunder but little better than a political crime. And then comes the appearance of an Executive attempt to punish and degrade a Senator who is, more than any other, identified in the hearts of the masses with the moral strength of Republican principles. It has been said by certain organs that this event has not had time to reach and impress the people of New Hampshire. Do politicians think we are still living in the times before railroads and telegraphs? We can tell our legislators in Washington that twenty-four hours will suffice to instruct the people of New Hampshire in these days as well as the people of any city in the Union.

There were among the causes that were instrumental in bringing about the Republican defeat in New Hampshire. If the result it liked, the process can be continued; if it is not, let there be a right about face at once. It will not do to assume that the Republican party can be either led or driven. It is made up of honest, independent men, and while, if moving forward in the line of its convictions, it is the strongest party this country ever saw, and can sweep New Hampshire and four-fifths of the Union to-morrow, it cannot be made to swallow offensive principles or unjust treatment, and the attempt to that end will always prove disastrous. This is the lesson of the New Hampshire election, and if it was needed, it could not have come at a more opportune time. We trust there will be no need of its repetition, not even in Connecticut.

☞ In the course of an article on the New Hampshire election, the Perrysburg *Journal* utters the following forcible rebuke upon the SUMNER outrage:

Numerous reasons are assigned for this sweeping tide of Democratic success, the most prominent of which is the unscrupulous policy adopted by the Senatorial Oligarchs at Washington in their removal of Charles Sumner from the chairmanship of the Committee on Foreign Relations, simply because he did not agree positively with President Grant, and had the manliness to express his convictions.

Howevever, to whatever cause we may attribute this reaction of popular sentiment in the Granite State, the consequences are stern realities, and as Republicans it is important that we heed at the earliest moment the lessons they convey. These lessons direct the leaders of the party to an appreciation of the popular will in preference to the exercise of an obligarchial power which upholds arbitrary measures and contributes to personal vanity.

It is high time for the Republican party to commence a thorough reorganization, and allow such men as Cameron and Chandler back seats. With dead weights to carry like they are, there is no party, however pure its principles or patriotic its aims, that can float long on the tide of popular sentiment.

☞ The Louisville *Courier-Journal* has of late given its fellow Democrats of the South some good advice, and the following is of that kind. The misfortune is that the advice has been too good to be taken by those to whom it is addressed:

"The news from Washington is that, but for the Ku Klux, Mr. Beck would have succeeded with his general disability bill. The Ku Klux may have been a real or pretended objection, which, we will not undertake to decide: but one thing is certain, we shall never be able to get on prosperously until the very shadow of Ku Kluxism is dissipated in the South. Congress cannot do this. It can only be done by just and fearless local legislation, rigidly enforced and cordially endorsed by law officers and public opinion. With this frightful spot blotted out, the prospect before us is full of cheer. It is but a spot as matters stand, and the more easily eradicated because it is neither deep nor extensive. No man who made a good soldier during the war can be a Ku Klux, and it is the duty of the Southern people to exterminate the very idea as conclusive proof of all that has been set up in defense of the true manhood of the South."

Some one asked Miss Bremer, "What do you think when so many people come to see you?" "I wish that I was handsomer," was the honest and womanlike reply of the charming Swedish novelist.


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*Oliver Optic's Boys and Girls*, price $2.50, and the BLADE both one year for $3.25.
*Waverly Magazine*, price $4.00, and the BLADE both one year for $4.75.
*New York Sun*, price $1.00, and the BLADE both one year for $2.50.

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# Correspondence.

## Washington Letter.

THE POLITICAL POT—THE SCENE IN THE HOUSE—THE CONDITION OF CONGRESS—THE DOINGS OF THE CAUCUS—THE WAR—PRESIDENT GRANT.

WASHINGTON, March 18 1871.

The political pot *keeps a bilin.* It *biled* over in the Senate last week, but that wa'nt a circumstance to the condition of the "pot" this week in the House. The scene in that body on Thursday was one of intense excitement, and no such deep sensation has been felt there for years. The letter of Gen. Butler, giving reasons why he could not serve on the select committee, is understood to be mainly aimed at Mr. Speaker Blaine, who, as the father of the resolution, was the cause of Butler's defeat. The Speaker therefore "accepted the situation" and came down from his marble throne to meet Mr. Butler on his own dung hill.

Gen. Butler in penning his letter, was not so careful of his facts as his long practice in political contests might be expected to be, and this put a strong advantage in the hands of the speaker. He said, for instance, that the committee was forced on the House "by the nearly unanimous vote of the Democratic party aided by some twenty or thirty Republicans," whereas the Republicans numbered 58 and were a majority of those voting. He also said that the resolution was purposely so framed as to prevent, under the rules, any report from being made for more than a year, which Mr. Blaine showed to be false; and he charged that the committee was brought into being by "a legislative trick," and that a majority of it was composed of "secessionists, old whigs and know nothings." But perhaps a charge, even more annoying still, was that the high tariff men (New Englanders,) had joined hands with the Democrats to sacrifice the legal men of the South in the interest of protection.

The propriety of Mr. Blaine's course in leaving the chair in order to enter into a personal contest with a member is largely questioned, and I think the general feeling is that of regret that he deemed the circumstances to warrant such a departure from his usual dignity and forbearance. But no doubt seems to be entertained that the points which he made against Mr. Butler were largely felt by that gentleman, and that, while he was greatly excited, he was steadily master of his antagonist.

What will be the ultimate effect of these disgraceful public exhibitions of jealousy, passion and malice in both Houses it is not easy to say. It is clear enough, however, that just now Congress is completely demoralized, and that the Samson of Republicanism, shorn of its locks, is lying helpless in the lap of the Democracy. Of course that party is in an ecstacy of delight, and are sure that we are so broken to pieces that we cannot rally a solid front again. But the hope is that we may learn moderation and wisdom by our misfortunes and so recover our strength for the great battle that is before us.

Congress is badly demoralized, and the members are reluctant to open legislation for fear that something will be done to prejudice some darling interest. The Senate caucus chimed into this feeling and agreed; 1st, that the House resolution to adjourn on Monday should be tabled; 2d, that a *joint* resolution should be passed to take the place of the House resolution for the investigation of the Ku-Klux; 3d, that the Judiciary Committee should report a bill on the Ku-Klux question, and 4th, that no other business than this and deficiencies should be considered.

The resolution adopted yesterday on motion of Mr. Anthony, to carry out the decision of the caucus in relation to the further investigation of southern outrages provides for a joint committee of 16, seven from the Senate and nine from the House. It was passed without the usual opposition of the Democrats, but as the House is not in session to-day, we must wait till Monday to know what action that body will take on it

Butler tried hard on Friday to get the House to act on his bill, but they gave him the cold shoulder and manifested an utter indisposition to do anything.

The bills for free coal and free salt have been ruled out of order by the Senate caucus, and the only way that they can be reached is by the action of some member who has not the fear of the caucus before his eyes. There is no expectation that they will be passed at this session.

The new loan is getting along admirably and the subscriptions already amount to about thirteen millions. They come in at the rate of one and a half million per day.

President Grant and family have gone to New York.

The High Commission are having a high time in the dining business and are out regularly every night. Speaker Blaine was the last entertainer.

BUCKEYE.

From our Lady Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, March 18, 1871.

I cannot sit down and write a quiet description of anything to-day. My soul is full of music. I have been upon the heights, and have drank in the sweetness of melody. Tender little threads of song haunts me, and every way I turn, I hear the soft accord of harmony—the echo of singing. I hear the first spring birds warbling under my window, and my heart understands their language. It means freedom, and joy, and praise.—And so, I think our songs will have the same meaning by and by, when we have learned to sing, inside the portals of the New Jerusalem.

I have had a great pleasure—a rare and dainty treat. I have heard Nilsson—beautiful, sweet voiced Nilsson. A delicate odor remains with us, even after the flower which exhaled it is gone. So it is with Nilsson's singing; we keep the song after the singer is far away. What can be sweeter than her rendering of that dear old ballad, "Home, Sweet Home"? And the half regretful pathos, which she gives to the melody of years agone (which we used to sing,in childhood with such gusto), "The Old Folks at Home," fills us with an unspeakable tenderness. The charm of her voice is not so much in its great power as in its extreme sweetness and purity. Her singing has a meaning—a significance; the spirit of song is in her, and so it seems to be in all nature, now that the welcome Spring time is with us once again. Already a shimmer of green shows in the tree tops. A growth of velvety grass is hiding winter's waste places, and the hardy little crocus little up its cheerful face to the warm sun shine. All winter I have looked with longing eyes, away at the hills with their little clumps of evergreen growth, for I knew that wild flowers were sleeping there, waiting for the warm breath of spring to awaken them to new bloom and beauty. These hills, which surround Washington, give on the suggestion of country greenness and repose—a welcome outlook from the unquiet of city life.

It happened recently that we took a drive out to the Soldiers' Home, by the way of Mount Pleasant, and thence back again, past Howard University, into the city. As we drove into the extensive grounds surrounding the Home, through the ivy covered gateway, we could hardly repress an exclamation of delight at the picturesque view spread out before us. In the centre of the grounds, which are kept with most scrupulous neatness, and beautiful with green grass plats, and grooves, an elegant and spacious edifice of hewn granite has been erected, where soldiers who were in any way disabled in our country's service, may find a resting place and home.

Our dear old National flag waves in front of the building, and on either side of the broad door stone, a diminutive cannon keeps perpetual guard.

Scattered about the grounds, sometimes half hidden by trees, are the residences of officers. These are all similar in style, and are constructed of granite. Just before entering the carriage way, leading back to the city, the driver held the horses in check for a few moments, that we might take a last long look from the heights. Down we gazed upon the broad roomy city, upon its glory and its pride, the great marble structure that crowns its sourthern hill, flashing warm and rosy with the sun's declining smile, and upon the peaceful, fair Potomac, stretching away in graceful windings to the sea. O, river of our memory, and our song, may slow and sober centurys pass away, before thy waters run again with with the crimson tide of human gore.

Congress has been doing considerable work lately, although, as usual, no small amount of filibustering takes up valuable time.

I want to mention one little thing, which shows that Dr. Peck of your district is all sound on the question of retrenchment. A bill was passed one of the last days of the old session authorizing Congress to give to every member who had not already been supplied with the same, all the volumes of the Congressional Globe, from its first issue to the present time, making an expense to the Government of about fifty-five thousand dollars. Let it be remembered in Dr. Peck's favor that he strenuously opposed the passage of the bill. After many petty discussions and much voting the House has repealed the duty on coal, tea, coffee and salt, thus doing its part towards relieving the people of no inconsiderable burden.

R. B. Elliot, colored member from South Carolina, spoke against the Disability Relief bill, proposed by Beck of Kentucky, the other day, with such eloquence and power that the members flocked about him to listen. He filled up the fifteen minutes, yielded him by Gen. Butler. The news of the Democratic succes in the recent New Hampshire election, is most welcome to those of that party here. General Morgan of Ohio, announced it in the House, Wednesday, under cover of a parliamentary inquiry. Thereupon, the indomitable Butler rose and asked if it would be in order to say that a telegram had just been received from Mississippi, to the effect that four men had been murdered there, the night before, by the Ku Klux. The resolution introduced by Mr. Peters of Maine, authorizing a select committee of thirteen, to be appointed by the Speaker, for the purpose of looking into the state of affairs at the South, was approved by a vote of nearly two to one.

A most exciting controvery took place on Thursday between Speaker Blaine and General Butler. The passage of Mr. Peter's resolution, instead of Butler's Ku Klux bill, incensed Ben. to such a degree that he resorted to the use of altogether harsher invectives than is often heard in the halls of Legislation. Mr. Blaine, then having requested Mr. Wheeler to take the chair, descended to the floor and hurled against the Massachusetts member a storm of charges, in most stinging and denunciatory terms. An intense state of excitement prevailed throughout the floor, and galleries.

The High Joint Commission, is busily at work, holding daily sessions of some hours length. As yet, nothing definite seems to have been accomplished, but it is to be hoped that all the questions at issue between the two governments may speedily reach a satisfactory settlement. The Commissioners will undoubtedly carry home with them a pleasing remembrance of good dinners.

Indiana gave the most brilliant reception and sociable of the season last evening, at Masonic Temple. The scene inside the hall was like a fairy tale. The walls were hung with the flags of all nations, and festooned with evergreen, while numerous cages of singing birds and beautiful pictures hung about among the wreaths.

Vice President Colfax responded very ably to a brief address by Col. Pierce, after which the dance begun, "and all went merry as a marriage bell."

A. D. H.

## From Nebraska.

IMPEACHMENT OF HIS EXCELLENCY GOV. BUTLER—TERRIBLE CORRUPTION SOMEWHERE—PROCEEDINGS OF THE IMPEACHMENT COURT—MANAGER MYERS, THE IRREPRESSIBLE.

OMAHA, March 12, 1871.

EDITOR BLADE: The telegraph has duly informed you of the impeachment of His Excellency David Butler, Governor of this State. The following is a synopsis of the

ARTICLES OF IMPEACHMENT.

1st. That he corruptly and unlawfully appropriated to his own use $16,881.26 of school funds—with four specifications, each one being pronounced a misdemeanor.

2d. That he has employed his office corruptly and unlawfully for the purpose of his personal gain.

3d. That he demanded $10,000 of R. D. Silver, contractor for the University, as a condition precedent to settlement.

4th. That he agreed to secure the appointment of Nelson C. Brock, banker at Lincoln, as Treasurer of the Board of Regents of the University, for the sum of $750.

5th. That he unlawfully tried to extort from T. F. Hall $5,000 for a lease of saline lands.

6th. That he corruptly received pay for locating the Lunatic Asylum.

7th. That he drew $2,000 for salary of Col. C. S. Chase, as Attorney for the State, $1,000 being the salary fixed by law, and appropriated the extra thousand to his own use.

8th. That he corruptly bargained with one Ward, an irresponsible person, for the building of the Asylum, his Excellency and Thos. P. Kennard, having an interest in the contract.

9th. That he made a like bargain relative to the University.

10th—That he corruptly and wilfully falsified to the House of Representatives, relative to his deposit of 5 per cent. funds, being the school fund first above mentioned.

11th—That he corruptly loaned school funds, receiving a bonus from the borrowers.

12th—That he received $640 belonging to the State Board of Immigration, from one Thomas L. Griffey, and did not account therefor.

OTHER CHARGES

follow, but these are the greatest. The managers seem not to have exhausted the list of crimes, as they reserved the right to add other charges before proceeding to trial.

The second charge rests partly on the testimony of Mr. McBird, the architect whose plans for the State University were accepted by the Board of Commissioners of Public Buildings, of which board the Governor is a member. After the acceptance of his plans by the Board, McBird called on the Governor, and requested him to issue a warrant for the amount of his fees, viz $3,900. The Governor replied that he and Kennard (then Secretary of State) were poor, and that McBird ought to divide. This he refused to do, whereupon the Governor said he would not pay him at all. McB. finally came to the conclusion that half a loaf was better than no bread, and after another sitting agreed that the Governor and Secretary have $1,800 and he the remainder. After the completion of the University, McBird again called on the Governor and presented a claim of $1,800 for his services in superintending the construction of the building. His Excellency coolly remarked, that the State owed him nothing. McBird replied that if the Governor would draw two warrants for $900 each, he would endorse one to him. After listening to this proposition His Excellency became evinced that McB.'s claim was just and drew the warrant as proposed.

On Monday of this week, the Senate organized as a

COURT OF IMPEACHMENT.

A resolution was passed requiring the Sergeant-at-Arms to make service on the Governor, returnable on the following day, at 10 o'clock A. M. The Senate then adjourned. Tuesday, at 10 o'clock A. M., the Court was again in session. The lobby and galleries were filled with faces, some anxious, and all eager and expectant. The Sergeant-at-Arms made return of the summons, when a motion was made that the clerk of the Senate report to the House that the Court was ready to proceed with the trial. The House was so notified, and was immediately represented by its Board of Managers, most noticeable among whom was its chairman

MANAGER J. C. MYERS,

a fiery little Pennsylvania Dutchman, whom even his enemies touch as tenderly as they would a porcupine. The Sergeant-at-Arms was then instructed by the President of the Senate, to informally notify the counsel of the Governor that the court was ready to proceed to trial. Notice was duly given, when silence reigned throughout the chamber, every eye being turned to the door leading to the Governor's room. Presently he appeared, supported by counsel on either. He looked a little careworn, but quite self-possessed, save that slight signs of nervousness betrayed themselves in his fingers, and about the corners of his mouth. After they were seated John F. Bedick rose and addressed the court, and requested that his name, and the names of J. M. Marquette and Clinton Briggs be entered as counsel for the accused. Only Messrs. Redick and Marquette were present. The names were so entered when Mr. Redick again addressed the court. He said a rumor was current, that it was intended to inaugurate this trial and then adjourn. In behalf of the accused he protested against such a course. The Governor demanded a speedy trial that he might clear himself, his family, and friends from the odium now resting upon them. The answer of the accused to the charges brought against him, would be ready the next morning, if the Court so ordered, but they would ask two days—until Thursday, the 9th—in which to make it. Leave was given, and at 10 o'clock A. M. of Thursday, was set as the hour for the hearing of the answer. Manager Myers then rose, and said he was surprised that the honorable counsel for the defense, should set up a man of straw, simply for the pleasure of knocking him down. That the Managing Committee had no thought of postponing the trial, but on the contrary, would push it on with as great dispatch as the accused could desire. That they desired to punish neither the family nor the friends of the accused, but in a case of such solemnity and importance as this, mercy to the accused, if guilty, would itself be a crime. The case was then adjourned to Thursday, the 9th, at 10 A. M., the time fixed for the hearing of the answer.

The people of Nebraska, and especially Republicans, sincerely hope that Governor Butler will be able satisfactorily to clear himself, although the impeachers make out a pretty black-looking case against him. Time, which "makes all things even," will bring us the true solution. During the impeachment trial, Secretary of State, James, according to a provision in the Constitution of the State, holds the office of Governor. MAX.

IMPEACHMENT TRIAL CONTINUED—BILL OF EXCEPTIONS TO ARTICLES REQUIRING THE GOVERNOR TO ANSWER FOR CRIMES OF FORMER TERM OF OFFICE—EXCEPTIONS OVERRULED—PROBABLE INTIMIDATION AND SUBORNATION OF WITNESSES—A CONTINUANCE ASKED FOR, AND NOT GRANTED—THE TRIAL GOES ON.

LINCOLN, March 19, 1871.

EDITOR BLADE:—The impeachment trial of Governor Butler still drags its slow length along. On last Friday, the Governor filed his answer to the articles of impeachment, which was, as to part of the facts alleged, a mere general denial, and as to some that they were his acts as one of the Commissioners of Public Buildings, and not as Governor. The House then asked for time to reply to his answer and the Court gave it till the next Tuesday. On Tuesday, March 14th, the Court was again in session, when the House having replied, the attorneys for respondent filed a bill of exceptions to those articles of impeachment charging him with misdmeanors committed during a former term of office, and also those referring to his acts as Commissioner. Counsel on both sides argued the exceptions ably, and cited various authorities to sustain their respective positions. The Managers quoted liberally from English authorities to prove that officers could be impeached after their terms of office had expired. They also quoted one American case, that of Levi Hubbell, Judge of the Supreme Court of Michigan. Counsel for the accused replied that the English precedent did not hold good in this country, the objects of impeachment not being the same. In England, it was punishment, in this country removal from office. It was argued, that the people, in re-electing Gov. Butler, had accepted his former term of office, and installed him in the place as a new man, thereby endorsing his acts and taking them out of the jurisdiction of the Legislature. This plea, though ingenious, seems like a virtual

ADMISSION OF GUILT.

For would an innocent man stoop to crawl through a technical loop-hole, when he had the power to walk out erect into the sunshine, an approved, honest man leaving these foul charges behind him, to beat their useless wings like blind bats in a garret. In Governor Butler's position, not to *court* investigation, is to forestall the verdict, if not of the Legislature, at least of the people. The question on exceptions was submitted to the Senate, and the vote stood as follows: That the Governor should answer for acts committed during a former term of office, 9 for, and 5 against. That he should be held for his acts as Commissioner,—unanimously *aye*. The first vote pretty effectually muzzled the second, inasmuch as all the alleged misdemeanors were committed during a former term of office, and as it requires a two-thirds vote to convict, this test-vote indicates that the Senate will sustain the exception relating to a former term, and acquit him from all such charges.

Most matters here, are decided by political strength, and I fear the Governor's is potent enough in the Senate to over-ride justice. For the sake of the dignity of that body and the salvation of the Republican party, I hope not. If these investigations fall through, as did those of the "whitewashing committee" last year, the party will be almost certain to lose the next election. But

THE FARCE GOES ON.

When the managers find themselves ready for the trial, and begin to have proper services as witnesses made—lo and behold, a new revelation! The Governor and his active friends have, it is believed,

SPIRITED THEM AWAY.

The architects of the public buildings, the men who shared with him in the public plunder, are not to be found. Other important witnesses, rumor says, impelled by bribes or intimidation have fled the country, and the managers can find no more trace of them than if they had gone up in a balloon. Finding themselves by this treachery, in the position of Samson shorn of his locks, and at the mercy of the Philistines, the managers on affidavits setting forth the above facts, made a motion for a continuance of sixty days. This met with hearty opposition from respondent's counsel, and after a brisk argument, and citing of authorities on both sides, the case was submitted, when the Court went into secret session, and in a few moments returned a decision that the continuance would not be allowed. The managers then asked for an adjournment until the following day, which after some opposition on the part of respondent's counsel, was granted.

It is evident that the Governor is hurrying on this trial not from the haste of innocence to assert itself, but to compel the managers to fight with their hands tied. But, to resort again to the Samsonian figure—the fettered giant may yet break his bands, and pull down this temple of fraud, on the heads of it's rearers. If they are verily guilty, all honest men will say, "So mote it be." MAX.

## GOSSIP.

There is a merchant in Chicago who has his life insured for $250,000.

Henry J. Raymond, Jr., is lecturing on "Popular Superstitions."

An Austrian lady recently died and left $40,000 to Strauss, the composer.

Mazzini has changed his mind about dying, and has started a new paper in Rome, instead.

Physiologists have discovered that inhaling coal gas, as also common illuminating gas, causes softening of the brain.

Amadeus dislikes his situation as King of Spain, finding no friendly sentiment prevailing, and will shortly resign, a correspondent says.

The late Prince Imperial is said to be in very delicate health at Chiselhurst, and his mother, Eugenie, is much troubled about him.

Mrs. Sarah Wistar, a daughter of Fanny Kemble, will have an article in "Lippincott" for April, describing a journey over Mount Cenis.

A New Orleans saloon has an attraction in the shape of a peripatetic oyster, which "wanders all over the lower part of the house."

It is a curious chronological fact that Lent began this year on Washington's birthday, and will end on the anniversary of Lee's surrender.

At Petersburgh, N. H., at a recent birth the grand grandmother of the child acted as head nurse. The grandmother was also present.

When Nilsson was in Louisville, Ky., she gave all the colored waiters who waited on her party, tickets to her concert, and they went too.

When should a woman go into the lumber business? When she pines for her lover, who is a spruce young man, and of whom she thinks a great deal.

It is estimated that there are 3,000,000 cows in the country, the dairy product of which annually is 3,000,000,000 pounds of cheese, and 575,000,000 pounds of butter.

The drum major who ran away from Chickamauga when reproached with cowardice, replied: "I'd rather be called a coward all my life, than a corpse fifteen minutes!"

An economical fellow says when his stockings wear out he sews up the toe straight across, and puts them on his feet the other way, thus making a good fit for square toed boots.

The papers published in the United States on the auxiliary plan number six hundred and seventy-four. The first and fourth pages are printed by a publishing company and expressed to the editors.

A dutiful son of Detroit has killed seventy-seven of his neighbors' cats to get money enough to buy his mother a set of teeth. He has made a quiet neighborhood where once was a howling wilderness.

As the workmen were tearing down an old wall in Reading, Pa., the other day, which had been built thirty seven years ago, they found a lemon imbedded in the mortar which had been there for that period of time.

A bill is pending in the Virginia Legislature, providing that interest shall not be recovered upon debts contracted during the period commencing the 10th of April, 1861, and ending on the 10th day of April, 1865.

A bigamist's lawyer, in response to a question from the Judge as to how many wives his client had, said: "We have thus far counted up only thirteen, but there are yet twenty-nine States to hear from, your honor."

Sunday schools have become almost as much of an institution among the Quakers as with any other denomination. They estimate that their schools in this country now contain 65,000 pupils and nearly 3,000 preachers.

The number of clergymen in the United States is put at 61,000, and their average salary $700, which is a tolerably small sum, considering the ordinary dimensions of a minister's family. As a class, the clergy are poor and suffer many privations.

In the North German Confederation there were 21,330,000 Protestants and 8,175,000 Catholics; in the new Empire there are 24,840,000 Protestants and 13,380,000 Catholics; the relative proportion being raised from three to eight, two to three.

William Gaines reached Norfolk, Va., on the other day, and took rooms at the station house. He left a wife and nine children in Florida, to walk, himself, in search of employment, to New York city, where there is plenty of work and a scarcity of help.

The Roman Church was about to inherit the property of the late Cardinal Caracci (says an Italian correspondent,) when a woman, claiming to be his wife, and the mother of seven of his children, made her appearance, established her claim, and secured his large estate.

A Connecticut Democrat sent his son to New York to complete his education. After a short time the son wrote his father that he was studying "Horace." On learning this the paternal parent replied: "Come home; I don't want Greeley to make a Republican of my son."

Wheat sowing is progressing in Wisconsin, and with a continuance of mild weather the great bulk of the crop will be sown during the present month. When this has been accomplished in past years, the crop has invariably been a good one, and in most instances superior.

One of the new Democratic Congressmen was a good deal mystified by the noisy clapping of hands—the usual summons for the pages—which followed the opening religious services in the House. "Well, that beats me," said he. "I don't see anything in that prayer worth cheering."

Luttrell, in good spirits and highly amusing, told of an Irishman who, having jumped into the water to save a man from drowning, upon receiving six pence from the person as a reward for the service, looked first at the sixpence and then at him, and at last exclaimed: "By——, I'm overpaid for the job."

The recent act passed by the Kansas Legislature, rendering the death warrant of a criminal inoperative until signed by the Governor, which would practically abolish capital punishment in that State, did not become a law, as recently stated, it having failed for want of the Governor's signature.

A rich but ignorant lady of Boston, who was ambitious that her conversation should be up to the transcendental style, in speaking of a friend, said: "He is a *paragrom* of politeness!" "Excuse me," said a wag sitting next to her; "but do you not mean parallelogram?" "Of course I meant parallelogram,' replied the ambitious lady; "how could I have made such a mistake?"

The fact of the baptism of Lotta, the actress, in a New Orleans church, has already been mentioned. One of the papers says she had on a black silk boddice and skirt, over which she wore bretelles of light blue, in Christ church, New Orleans, a week or so ago. She performed the same Sunday, in the evening, at the St. Charles Theatre, as Sun (with song and dance) in the Ticket-of-Leave Man.

Don Fabian Hernandez, a learned gentleman of Spain, proposes to publish a new edition of "Don Quixote," which cannot fail to attract a wide attention, since he sets up the claim of having discovered the original manuscript, from which the forthcoming volume will be printed, so that it will appear just as it came from the pen of Cervantes, "freed from the corruption of copyists, commentators and printers."

A writer in an English sporting paper, who has thoroughly explored and hunted through all the accessible regions of the Rocky Mountains, says that the wild goat found on the highest peaks there is furnished with hair of a quality admirably adapted for weaving into textile fabrics. Japanese art, he says, is to be detected in the articles made from it by the Indians, in whose language traces of Japanese words are to be found.

In his next "Whispering Gallery" paper Mr. Fields will give to the public an account by Hawthorne of his personal impressions of Abraham Lincoln. These paragraphs were written while Hawthorne was on a visit to Washington in the midst of the war, and occured in a paper on phases of life there which was sent to the *Atlantic*, but were omitted in publication for various reasons, which have no weight now that both the romancer and the President are no more.

There are few instances in the history of literature of such rapid production of verse as that displayed by William Morris in "The Earthly Paradise," the fourth and final part of which has been recently published. A little arithmetic would show that it must have been written at the rate of fifty lines a day, supposing the author to have worked at it continuously every day for the space of two years. Considered as a single connected work, "The Earthly Paradise" is the longest poem in the English language.

The *Observer* "Year Book" gives the list of American clergymen, 1870, with their ages. The average age is 61 years—a much higher average than could probably be found in any other class of men. Twenty-one had passed 80 years, fifty-two died between the ages of 70 and 80, thirty-seven were between 60 and 70, twenty-three were between 50 and 60, seventeen were between 40 and 50, twenty were between 30 and 40, six were between 20 and 30.

A Humboldt (Kansas) paper says that city has the champion nailer in the world, in the person of Albert Minor, a lather by trade, and a son of Vermont. The paper adds "that Minor can drive more nails in one day than any other living man. He will drive nails faster than the fastest compositor can pick up type. He will drive sixty lath nails a minute, ten hours out of the twenty-four, the year through, which would make 3,600 an hour, 36,000 a day, or 5,268,000 per year."

Capt. McBride, whose death took place in Milwaukee last Sunday, was wheelsman on the Erie, in 1841, when that steamboat was burned on Lake Erie, by which disaster—the first of any magnitude to occur on the lakes—300 immigrants, 50 cabin passengers and all the vessel officers and crew but about twelve were burned or drowned. Only about fifty lives were saved—passengers and crew. McBride remained at the wheel till the flames enveloped the pilot-house, and after cutting loose and throwing overboard many articles to float the passengers, he saved his own life by the same means. During the ten years in which he commanded the steamer Detroit, Capt. McBride crossed Lake Michigan in her 2,752 times, without a single accident to passenger, crew or vessel.

It costs about $375,000 a year to "run" one of our crack naval frigates, after the sum of $2,000,000 has been swallowed in her construction. Fully manned and officered, she carries 650 souls.

A Florence paper says of the American ladies there: "These ladies are so handsome, these girls so lovely, that if one but sees them, or, still worse, if one but enters into conversation with them, one cannot help falling in love at once with the New World."

Commissioner White, writing from San Domingo, says: "The dilapidation of this old city is frightful, and the general stagnation is wretched. But there is little, if any, suffering from poverty; we have not yet seen a beggar. Still the long-continued anarchy and uncertainty have apperently taken the life out of the great mass of the people."

From the papers found in the Tuileries after the flight of the Empress Eugenie, it appeared that Louis Napoleon, during his reign, spent the following sums on the different branches of his family: The members of the Jerome Bonaparte family received 27,000,000 francs; the Lucien Bonaparte family 12,000,000; the Murats, 15,000,000; the Princess Bacciocchi, 6,000,000; other members about 1,000,000; the whole presenting a total of 70,000,000. A pretty little bill.

A correspondent of the *Scientific American* writes that he has seen a steam boiler advertised which saves 35 per cent of fuel; a valve which saves 15 per cent; a governor which saves 10 per cent; a cut-off which saves 10 per cent; a fire grate which saves 20 per cent; metal packing and damper regulator which will save 1 per cent. Combining all these improvements, an engine would, he thinks, run itself, and produce an additional 1 per cent of fuel, which might be used for domestic purposes.

One McGee, a prominent politician of Kansas, was once the presiding officer of a Democratic county convention. A resolution was under consideration to which McGee was opposed, but which was finally passed by a decided majority. The chairman, however, was a man for an emergency. In announcing the result, he delivered himself thus: "According to the Jeffersonian rule, a resolution of this kind requires a two thirds vote, and I don't think there's that many here. The resolution is lost."

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The actual profit of the business done by the Onondaga Salt Company, organized in 1860, to the present time, is $2,488,684 88.

The Jacksonville Journal denies the statement generally circulated through the press that John T. Alexander, the great farmer and cattle dealer of Morgan county, Ill., has failed and made an assignment. He has not made an assignment, and does not intend to.

George H. Morgan, Secretary of the Merchants Exchange of St. Louis has just completed a compilation of the hogs packed in the West during the past season, of which the following is a condensed statement: Illinois, 1,220,617; Ohio, 601,639; Wisconsin, 459,315; Indiana, 433,843; Kentucky, 374,257; Iowa, 169,483; Tennessee, 49,064, Kansas and Nebraska, 27,892; Minnesota, 12,000; Detroit, 25,000; Pittsburg, 15,000; Atlanta, 30,000; West Va., 88,000; total, 3,615,110; average weight, 228 68-100 pounds, which is equal to 4,018,157 hogs of last season's weight.

The Cincinnati *Chronical* gives the following account of the Lawrenceburg murder mentioned in the despatches: "From the Coronor's investigation yesterday afternoon, we learn that Mr. George Schmeltzer, the husband of the murdered woman, had drawn from the bank $450, with which to pay a debt coming due yesterday. The money was in a pocket book, which, on retiring, he placed beneath his pillow. Almost without knowing it, he raised himself partly up in bed and mechanically reached out his hand, grasping the hand of some one standing by his head. As he did so, a pistol was leveled at him and discharged, the bullet grazing his head and burying itself in the temple of his wife sleeping by his side. He was so startled for the moment that he did not discover the struggles of his wife. A moment later, however, her groans attracted his attention, and seeing at a glance that the ball had taken effect in her temple, he hurried in search of medical aid. He stated that there were two naked men in the room, and that immediately after firing the shot they disappeared. How the men effected an entrance to the house is not known. There are no doors or windows broken or marked with the vestiges that the use of ordinary burglar's tools usually leave behind. Schmeltzer says he was troubled with a diarrhœa, and once in the course of the night got up and went out to his back yard—about 3 o'clock, he thinks—and that it is possible when he re-entered the house he did not lock the door after him."

The utmost excitement prevails, and every effort is being made to discover the perpetrators of the crime.

## CLUB RATES.

Additions may be made to clubs at any time at club rates, and the papers for a club will be sent to as many different Post Offices as desired. Agents will please remember this in making up their lists.

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"MEET ME BEYOND THE RIVER."
"EARY CHILD I'LL GIVE YOU REST."

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"A KISS FOR A BLOW."
"BEAUTIFUL LAND ON HIGH."

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"DON'T YOU HEAR THE ANGELS SING.
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"SHALL WE MEET BEYOND THE RIVER.
"OVER IN THE PROMISED LAND.

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"BY-AND-BY."
"GOD IS MY FATHER I KNOW."

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"THE BIBLE SAYS WE MAY."
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# Weekly Toledo Blade.

A. P. MILLER. D. R. LOCKE. J. P. JONES.
MILLER, LOCKE & Co., Proprietors.

TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY MARCH 30, 1871.


## Terms of Subscription

THE WEEKLY BLADE,

Published every Thursday and sent to subscribers by mail, at the following rates:

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| " " three months | 50 |
| Clubs of five | $1 75 each. |
| " ten or more | 1 50 " |

With an extra copy to every person sending a club.

ON TRIAL.—In order to introduce the BLADE where it is not now known, we will send it ON TRIAL, in clubs of five or more, three months, for fifty cents each, and an extra copy to the person sending the club.

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IN THE

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### MR. MILLER'S WESTERN EXPEDITION.

We call attention to the advertisement elsewhere of the proposed western tour of Dr. A. P. MILLER, of the BLADE. Our readers may depend upon the accuracy of the information which will be given by Dr. MILLER in his letters. They will be written in the interest of the people. The soil, climate, and every thing that a settler wants to know, will be stated precisely as he finds it, it being our design to furnish information that will be of use to our readers. Read the announcement.

### THE AMERICAN FARM JOURNAL.

This Agricultural paper, the publication of which was commenced in September last, has proved a flattering success. It has already attained a circulation larger than most papers of its class, and it is growing steadily and rapidly.

In view of this fact, we have decided to increase its value and efficiency. To this end we have engaged Mr. W. H. H. BUSBEY, late editor of the *Farmer's Chronicle*, to assume its editorial charge. Mr. BUSBEY is one of the most thorough and practical agricultural editors in the country, and he will make the *Journal* precisely what we desire it to be—the best of its class.

We ask our friends to aid us in further extending the circulation of the *Farm Journal*. We shall keep it not only in the front rank, but shall push it as far beyond as possible. Terms—75 cents per year.

WANTED.—A file of the TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE from November 10, 1867. Address this office.

### WHO SHOULD PAY THE DEBT OF SAN DOMINGO?

A wag once critically defined matrimony to be an insane determination of a young man to pay a young woman's board bills. We are reminded of this by the little bill the United States is asked to pay somebody whenever a new territory knocks earnestly for admission. The venerable Senator WADE says the Dominicans are wildly eager to be annexed, and he says they would be "condemned fools," if they should not be. But if they are so anxious to come to us, why should they ask us to pay their debts? Why not rather ask us to accept something in view of the advantage it will be to them to have the protection of our flag and the benefit of our institutions? The general government levies tribute on all her States, but she has never offered to assume the debts of any one of them contracted after they became an integral part of the Union. Texas persuaded Congress to pay the debts contracted in her contest with Mexico, but Ohio, New York and Pennsylvania, great as has been the benefit of their works of internal improvement to all the States of the Union, in conveying the produce of the new States to the markets of the world, no man ever has proposed to lift a single dollar of the onerous load off the tax-payers of those States.

But for the nice little bonus which bond-speculators have made ready to seize for themselves in this San Domingo affair we should hear very little of annexation at this time. Why this insanity to pay other people's debts? This inquiry is especially pertinent when we give a glance at the not inconsiderable debt of our own which we are now sweating under. Then, if the land is so rich and its commerce so very productive, why not let San Domingo pay her own way, as our States have had to do from the beginning. The New York *Evening Post*, illustrates the subject thus:

> Our humble suggestion is this: If we are to take the Dominicans, for their own good—and no one professes that we are to take them specially for our benefit—why should we pay, out of our Treasury, the so-called Dominican debt? Why not let them pay it? They owe it. The unprecedented prosperity which will overtake them as soon as they get into the Union will make them rich enough to pay it without trouble. The United States government does not pay the debts of other and more deserving States, like New York or Massachusetts or Ohio. Why should it make an exception in favor of these new comers?

A zealous supporter of the Administration, who lives in Covington, Kentucky, is reported to have given it as his opinion that we should make enough by selling water and coal to ships passing by San Domingo, to pay the interest of our national debt. But surely, while the Dominicans grow thus rapidly rich, they will have no difficulty in paying off their own debt—which, by the way, has grown very curiously in the last year.

The American people regard San Domingo as the western braggart regarded a roasted crow dressed with scotch snuff. He "liked crow," he said, after his first mouthful; he "was fond of crow"—but (pushing the dish away), he "did not hanker after it." We do not hanker after San Domingo. If we must have it, do not, at least, force a tax-burdened people to pay, out of their hard earnings, its uncertain and rapidly-increasing debt.

"THE BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS."—See advertisement of STORRS, HARRISON & Co., Painesville, Ohio. They are good men.

☞ SEE WHITNEY'S catalogue of ten cent music on 3d page.

### "THE GRANT-SUMNER TROUBLE."

We have not seen fit to engage in controversy with certain journals who have most industriously inveighed against the course of the BLADE in reference to the action of the President through the Republican Senatorial caucus in deposing Senator SUMNER from his position as Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations. We depart from the rule which we have observed to offer a word of reply to the Henry County *Signal*, one of the most candid and discriminating papers in the State, with the views of which we have seldom had occasion to differ. The *Signal* assumes that Mr. SUMNER insulted the President, and thinks it strange that "a paper of the usual fairness and professed patriotism of the BLADE can be so unjust and partial as entirely to have overlooked this feature of the controversy." If the BLADE had believed that Senator SUMNER had wantonly "insulted" the President, it certainly would have condemned the act as wrong and unbecoming. But Mr. SUMNER denies any such proceeding on his part, or any intention to insult the President. He has criticised the course of the President in the San Domingo affair with great plainness—some think with undue severity. But even if we had been compelled to say that the Senator had used language about the President which was more harsh than true, we should not have considered that the President had any right whatever to revenge personal affronts by attempting to humiliate, in an official way, a Senator of the Republic, who is responsible, not to the President, but to his constituency and the country for his public course.

But it we have "overlooked" the "personal" aspects of this controversy, in what we have said heretofore, it was because in the presence of graver matters they became comparatively of no account to the public. That the Chief Magistrate of the nation should assume to dictate to his party friends that they must punish a man of CHARLES SUMNER'S antecedents, learning and high rank as a statesman and as a Republican, for personal differences developed in the course of a seige laid about the Senator to carry him over to the support of the annexation job, is a matter sufficiently serious to make us lose sight of the merely personal features of the controversy.

If a Senator in the course of a heated controversy with an obstinate Executive, betrays improper tempers and utters unbecoming language, we deny the right of the President's friends to officially punish the Senator therefor. If that precedent be allowed, then all a President would have to do in order to cripple or limit a Senator's influence, would be to make a personal quarrel on some non-partizan question and claim that he had been personally wounded or insulted. It is bad enough when a President builds up factions in his own party by means of the dispensation of patronage, but when he uses influence and patronage to insult and degrade the members of a co-ordinate branch of the government through the same methods, it is time that the country cried out against it.

A severe passage took place, the other day, between Speaker BLAINE and Gen. BUTLER. We don't know what parliamentarians call it, but if some of the language was not insulting, it was, to say the least, pretty plain and rather loud talk between members of the same political household. No one expects that the Republican party will attempt to discipline those gentlemen for their personal allusions to each other. No more are we called on to punish a Senator who happens to have offended the occupant of the Executive chair. Let Gen. GRANT and Senator SUMNER settle their personal relations to suit their fancy. That is a matter between themselves.—General JACKSON once dissolved his Cabinet because the wives of some of the Secretaries would not associate with a woman of impaired repute who was wedded to the then Secretary of War. But the country never approved the high handed act, and it has never to our knowledge been cited as a precedent, except to be condemned. A party has enough on its hands to take care of its principles and its measures—it can not load itself with personal quarrels. It is insufferable assumption for a President to ask the Senate to avenge his personal affronts, and contemptible and cowardly servility in any set of partisans to obey any such behest.

### THE VITALITY OF THE REPUBLICAN CAUSE.

Republicanism is not merely a party—not the center of a certain political interest—not a combination of a ring of politicians to keep one set of men in office, and to keep another out—it is something better and worthier than any of all of these, it is a great and good cause, upon which the consciences and hearts of a host of intelligent and patriotic minds are fixed with a superb constancy of devotion and zeal. That cause has not yet fulfilled its high mission—its principles have not lost their power, nor its measures their virtue. That cause, by its intrinsic merit and charm, must ever attract the better elements of society to its support, and excite the opposition and hate of all who are out of sympathy with the just and righteous principles which constitute the meaning and strength of our political system. But for the power of this great CAUSE, supported by an embattled host of the most patriotic and earnest men of the land the cause of democratic republican government—a government of the people, by the people, and for the people, would cease to exist, and a despotism be installed in its place.

There is, as all can see, a manifest distinction between a party and a cause, as there is between a true religion and a church organization. Parties may prove apostate to a cause, or may serve it with an efficient and unswerving fidelity. Parties may come and go as they list, but the cause remains a living force through all the changes through which men and parties may pass.

Men of principle will regard party organizations just in proportion to their efficiency in sustaining and promoting the cause it assumes to represent. A party which educates the people by the firm and courageous assertion of its own doctrines, by weaving them into the framework of our institutions, and proving their truth and worth by demonstration and actual experience can not well prove a failure. A party, however, loses strength when it fails in the vigor of its self-assertion—and its lack of courage in assailing the foes of its cherished principles. It must live, move and have its being in the cause it represents. When a party flinches from its principle it loses strength and commences a retrograde march.

A party must not only be faithful to its cause, but must never transfer to its leaders, nor even allow for itself, the devotion due only to the cause. The man must give way for the party, and the party for the cause. In religion when men transfer to the priest or the church the devotion only proper to be paid to God and the truth, we call it idolatry. It is the sin most corrupting—most fatal to true piety. So a man who idolizes a leader, who may not faithfully represent the cause of the party, or who adheres to an organization after it has apostatized from its principles, is unfaithful to the cause itself. By all he loves the false leader, or the recreant organization he does mischief to the cause itself.

The strength of the Republican party to day is in the merit of the cause, of which there is no other representative There are those who would pervert it into a a mere machine to put one set of men in office, and to keep others out. They are the inevitable weights which every victorious party has to bear. There are those who would make the party the vehicle to carry out the wishes of the Executive for the time being. They believe the dispenser of patronage can do no wreng—or affect so to believe. Such men may serve themselves, or an adroit leader, or even a party, with great industry and skill, but they are the perverters and betrayers of the cause, which an idolatry of this sort may corrupt but never can serve.

Hence, the vigorous and independent criticism which has been such a notable feature of Republican journalism and statesmanship is an element—and an all-important element—of political strength. The letting in of the light of truth upon "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain," may for the time being shake confidence, and bewilder the minds of our supporters. Plain speaking and independent action may now and then cost us an election, but in the end it subserves purity and secures the confidence which maintains a party in strong and permanent control.

The Republican party is strong because it loves its principles better than its leaders. When they quarrel with and selfishly and arrogantly snub each other, the party sternly does justice between them, and asserts the paramount and supreme importance of the Cause itself over both men and organizations. Our party is strong because of the men and principles which determine its character and shape its measures.

The Democratic party is weak because of the Satanic character of the elements which predominate within it. They call themselves *Democrats*, but only with the same propriety with which a pretender would call himself a King, or an apostate from the faith would call himself a christian. The name Democracy is a misnomer when applied to the political organization which claims it. One by one it has killed the prophets and stoned to death the men who could and would have led it aright. It has called evil good and good evil, and has no moral soundness in itself with which it can gain a permanent victory. It is not a democratic, but a despotic party. It is ruled not by men in sympathy with our free institutions and the progress of the age, but with men who opposed that progress and who now seek to carry the country back to the errors and darkness of the past. It aims to reinstate in political control of the country the malignant ex-rebels of the South in conjunction with the corruptionists of the city of New York. God help the land when Tammany Hall and the Southern oligarchs shall lay their unhallowed and bloody hands upon the ark of our national liberties.

We repeat then the thought with which we set out: the strength of our party is in fidelity to its cause. Whoever departs from the cause to make the party an engine of oppression, of peculation, of jobbery, of personal gain, or political or personal spite, let him be politically accursed. Better one suffer than many. Let us be true to the government, and all its faithful upholders and supporters, and we never can fail. Our cause is the ark of our safety, and never let us forget that on a single earnest aim to promote its interests our future hope depends.

### A SAFE AND PROFITABLE INVESTMENT.

We present to our readers another advertisement of the first mortgage bonds of the Northern Pacific Railroad, which capitalists seeking safe and remunerative investments will do well to consider. This opportunity is presented at a time highly favorable to those who now hold the five-twenty bonds of the government, which, in all probability, they will soon be called on to present for redemption, or exchange for a five per cent. bond. The success of the new loan is such as to demonstrate that the government will be able to fund the bulk of its securities at a lower rate of interest. Of course the Secretary of the Treasury will be bound to effect the reduction of interest at the earliest possible moment.

The value of first mortgage railway bonds as yet is not generally or perfectly understood, except among those who have been dealers in them. There have been, of course, cases of losses through mismanagement, but loss from this and other causes is a liability to which every sort of property is subject. Shrinkages in value, imperfect titles, and a score of causes have also occasioned losses to investors in lands and other secure forms of investment. Railway mortgages, however, show a smaller percentage of loss than any other form of investment generally accessible to our people.

There are obvious elements of stability and security in railway investments of this character. A railway developes a traffic and carrying trade along its line which could not exist there in the absence of a railroad, and as settlements increase, the traffic of the road becomes more and more remunerative. As the route becomes more thickly settled and increased in wealth the trade of the railway becomes more profitable. The value of railway property must therefore constantly advance as the current of population and wealth moves along the channels it creates.

Railway enterprises present strong inducements to men of business ambition to engage in them,—capitalists, shrewd, energetic, successful men of business, whose caution, sagacity, and accurate perceptions are the strongest possible assurance of a wise and successful management of their affairs. This surrounds the railway interest with a circle of capable, educated and experienced men, impelled by their regard for their own reputation, their hope of gain, and their success and standing in life, to make their enterprise successful. Their private interests are indivisibly associated with the interests of the corporation. In the multitude of such counsellors there certainly is safety.

All the improvements, extensions, additional connections, and new alliances, made as time creates necessity, or yields opportunity, adds to the security of the investors in first mortgage bonds. With mortgages on improved real estate the value of the security often deteriorates with the wear and tear which occurs in the march of time. But railway property usually becomes better and more valuable as it becomes older. It can thus be seen how a second mortgage bond can increase the safety of the first.

The Northern Pacific Railroad has, or will certainly acquire, all the elements of security and success we have named, with others superadded. It has a real estate endowment of more than twenty-two thousand acres of fertile land to each mile of track, or, in addition to the ordinary and ample security of the road and its traffic, an unencumbered farm of five hundred acres to make doubly secure every $1,000 bond bought by the public. As to the ability of the country through which it will pass to furnish a paying traffic from the start, there can be but one opinion. That its business will in a very few months or years at most, pay a surplus is as certain as anything future and contingent can well be. The road, also, is in the hands of men of known and acknowledged integrity, whose capital, time, integrity, ability and sagacity are all enlisted and devoted to make this railway the grandest success of this age of grand achievements. The lands donated by the government lie in a belt of country which combines the three elements of successful farming—a rich soil, a mild climate, and a sufficient rainfall. With a country like this inviting the aspiring and energetic brain and muscle of the world for its improvement, no man need be at a loss to predict what its future will be.

We feel that we are doing a service to men who have money to invest to recommend this gold seven-thirty loan of the North Pacific road to their acceptance and confidence. We have no fear of being reproached by any of them in future years for this recommendation. There will be fluctuations in the current price of these securities, as there are in all other bonds, even the best. These fluctuations are the result of outside circumstances, and not indicative of any real change of value. The same causes which make the Northern Pacific bonds an exceptionally strong and desirable security will continue to exist and will naturally and firmly sustain their value. Those who wish to convert these bonds into cash can do so at any time, and the abundant security and high rate of interest will always make a strong demand and ready sale for them. They will be more likely at all times to rise above par than to fall below it.

### WASHINGTON NEWS.

It is proposed to offer the following as an amendment to the Deficiency Appropriation Bill, when it is taken up in the Senate. After June 30, 1871, coal and salt may be imported into the United States free of duty, and no tax shall be imposed upon incomes which shall have accrued after December 31st, 1870.

The Democrats in Congress will not agree to give the President the additional power he needs to quell insurrection and prevent bloodshed in the South. Doubtless the Senate will hold Congress in session until some action is had.

Senator Sumner on Monday will deliver his carefully prepared speech on St. Domingo. It will be heard with even deeper interest than any speech he has ever delivered.

The Senate Committee on Foreign Relations have agreed to lay aside the Darien Ship Canal treaty for the present, and report favorably on a few unimportant treaties.

The New Hampshire delegation and one Democratic member of Congress having been sworn in, the Democrats now number an even hundred in the House.

The San Domingo Commission expect to land at Savannah, and arrive at Washington on Saturday evening.

The House is determined not to do any business, and the Senate seems disposed to hold on until the situation in the South is better known and more adequately provided for.

It is now considered certain that Congress will be kept in session for quite a number of days to consider the legislation necessary to further protect loyal men in the South.

The impression is that the Joint High Commission is not likely to come to any agreement on the matters they were expected to settle. It is said that the British Commissioners are not disposed to concede half as much as our commissioners were led to expect. On the contrary, they do not seem willing to go farther than Lord Clarendon in the treaty made by Reverdy Johnson, and which was defeated in the Senate. Of course, the American Commissioners are aware that such a bargain would be repudiated by the Senate.

It will be seen by the proceedings in Congress that Senator Sumner still keeps up a sharp skirmish fire on the annexationists, keeping some ugly facts before the eyes of country.

### EDITORIAL NOTES.

We have gained one point in the management of our Indian affairs which promises the best results. The "red tape" which has heretofore prevented a full exposure of fraud and mismanagement has been cut. Mr. WELCH recently said that heretofore "when the agent was a good man and desired to befriend the Indians he was often restrained or misdirected by the Superintendent, or by the Indian Office, as it is considered a breach of official etiquette, or something worse, to reveal even the most glaring wrongs done to Indians, except through the accredited channels of communication." Under the recent legislation of Congress, however, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs is obliged to consult the Board of Indian Commissioners or the Peace Commission upon all purchases and expenditures. This will prevent in future such swindles as are charged upon General BLUNT, and will place between the agents and the Department on the one hand and the public on the other, a Commission of citizens who will give a faithful report of transactions with the Indians.

THE despatches from Paris show further successes and murders by the mob which is in possession of the city. It has remarkable success in winning over the soldiers, for it is stated that the Republican Committee occupied Fort Vincennes and that the garrison immediately fraternized with them. The probability is, as we stated at first, that the Germans will again occupy the city and restore order. BISMARCK sends a warning, intimating this, in case certain stipulations are not complied with. The Government is unable to comply, and it is said that it will cooperate with the Germans in the event of their return. It is probable that the provinces may come to the assistance of the Government and enable it to suppress the insurrection, but there are thus far no active indications of this. It is worthy of note that the insurrection has not extended to any of the other large cities of France, in some of which their is a heavy Republican vote, if we may judge from the negatives cast at the last plebiscite of NAPOLEON.

THE result of the New Hampshire election has had a warming effect upon the still rebel element in the South. The Ku-Klux are unusually active and jubilant, and some of the political serpents which had not hissed for some months have raised their heads, and are darting out forked tongues. The *La-grange* (Ga.) *Reporter* says: "Give us the true, the genuine Democracy, that is not afraid to denounce the usurpations of Congress, in its work of reconstruction, as "unconstitutional, null and void." The *Mobile Register* says: "Is the old issue dead yet? Not a bit of it. In *our* country a villany, a cheat, and a fraud is apotheosized as a "dead issue" in two years after its successful perpetration."

We have only to remind this class of malcontents that they are still in the power of that determined and capable people who put them down a few years ago with the bayonet and bullet. The men who took care of them when they were in an organized army are capable of taking care of them when they are skulking about at night in the disguise of Ku-Klux, assassinating their neighbors. The government is amply able to suppress them, and to enforce the reconstruction acts, as they will find in due time.

THE newspapers of two continents are this morning filled with accounts of the triumph of a Parisian mob and of the murder of unarmed citizens in the streets of Paris. But there is to-day among us a worse state of things existing than that which exists in Paris. The French mob may be suppressed by a vigorous military attack, and the Government may again be placed in possession of the capital. But in the Southern portion of the United States there is an organized and lawless mob, bound together by oaths, extending throughout all the Southern States, which assassinates and expels whomsoever it elects, and which is at present beyond the reach or control of either the civil or military power of those States.

These outrages have attained to such consequence in South Carolina that the State is on the verge of a bloody civil war. This is admitted now by the Democratic press and leaders, but the blame is thrown upon the negro militia and upon Governor SCOTT'S appointments. Even Governor PERRY, in a recent letter to Governor SCOTT, attempts to throw the responsibility upon the officers appointed by the Governor. No doubt the organization of the colored militia and the appointment of officers not acceptable to the late rebels, have afforded the Ku Klux a pretext for unusual activity, but this has had nothing whatever to do with the organization of the band or with its chief designs. It existed before Governor SCOTT was elected, and it exists now and is active in States like Kentucky where there is no negro militia and no appointments of radicals or "carpet-baggers" to office. The despatches this morning from Washington state that a Revenue Assessor from Mississippi has arrived there who was horse-whipped and driven out and that the schools at Aberdeen have been broken up. The Legislature, moreover, has called for troops to assist in restoring and maintaining order. There is no negro militia in Mississippi, no carpet-bag Governor and no radical State appointments. Governor ALCORN is a Southern man and has been unwilling to acknowledge the existence of a dangerous organization in Mississippi. Only a few days since he announced that the power of the State was ample to maintain order.

The disorder and lawlessness in the South are therefore not local and not the result of any local or particular policy. The Government has to deal with an extensive and general organization, composed mainly of members of the late rebel army, banded together to put down the radical and colored element in the South, by every means from intimidation to assassination. It is absurd beyond endurance for the Democratic press of the North to deny the existence of this political organization or the commission of the reported crimes. The existence of these organizations and of the outrages is no more to be doubted than the existence and the acts of the mob now in possession of Paris. The Charleston *Republican*, a conservative paper, acknowledges that "the Klan has at last come to have great power," and says that "the newspapers of the State have dignified the work of the Ku Klux by apologizing for its deeds." The extent of this power and the necessity of vigorous and severe measures is shown by further statements of the *Republican*, when it says "that power is not alone to be measured by the number of the slain; it is better understood by whole counties crouching before them, and the fact that men cannot get justice in the courts. In parts of the South they have absolutely stopped the administration of civil laws. Men in the disaffected districts have admitted that they would shrink from firing on the Ku-Klux lest they kill their next door neighbors."

The case demands a general and stringent law, which we doubt not will be enacted by Congress before adjournment. Two States have called upon the general government for aid to maintain order, and the President has asked Congress for such legislation as will secure life, liberty and property throughout the country. Will the Democracy aid in its enactment and enforcement, or will they continue to own that the Ku Klux is a Democratic organization by denying its existence and apologizing for its crimes?

☞ One of the reasons given by Senator HOWELL, for opposing the Northern Pacific Railroad grant was that the Company would hold a large part of their alternate sections until they become immensely valuable from the settlement of the country on each side of the Company's lands. "Is it not clear," said he, "that their lands will rise in value, rise very rapidly, rise *five times* as rapidly as the interest on *money invested elsewhere*?" Mr. HOWELL thus shows the absolute security of the Company's bonds and their excellence as an investment.

FARMERS AND GARDENERS—the great Vick, of Rochester, is in our columns again. Read his advertisement.

WALTHAM WATCHES.—HOWARD & Co., 865 Broadway, New York, advertise Waltham Watches. HOWARD & Co., are entirely responsible and will do exactly what they advertise. The house is a legitimate one—in a legitimate business, and deal fairly and squarely with their patrons. Send for their illustrated circular and price list.

VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE.—We call attention to an advertisement of a Michigan Fruit Farm for sale. We know the farm, and can assure those desiring property of this kind that there is a bargain in it and, in addition, that it is one of the most delightful places for a residence in the United States. Address, J. WINDOES, Jr., Kalamazoo, Michigan.

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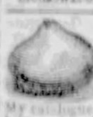

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# Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, March 23, '71.

The New Hampshire warning does not seem to have a very salutary effect on Congress or the Republican party. On the other hand there has seldom been a time in the history of the country when leading minds were so divergent and so disposed to push selfish ends to extremes. I mentioned that this district was cut up into warring factions who were ready to scratch out each others eyes; but that a meeting to harmonize the belligerents promised the best results. But, as the battle waxes hotter and the election draws nearer the old fires of discord are lighted and the Democrats are growing more and more confident.

They have held their Convention and have made a nomination for delegate to Congress who will unite their strength, and have supplemented the nomination with a platform which is pretty sure to intensify our divisions. The nominee is R. T. Merrick Esq., a lawyer of ability and large practice who has become familiar to the country in the trials of John Surrat and other conspirators against the government. The resolutions make a point of a remark in Gov. Cook's speech, to the effect that the territorial government should be administered in the interest of the Republican party, and call on all who are not specially pledged to the Republican party, to rally against so proscriptive an administration.

They also touch the question of mixing colors in our schools, and invoke the old slave holding spirit against any such awful calamity. There is no movement to mingle colors in our schools, but the bill of Senator Sumner having this object is a sufficient basis for the resolution and they know very well what would be the effect of an agitation on that subject.

The Republican convention has not been held, and it is uncertain who will be nominated. But S. J. Bowen, who was defeated by another Republican for Mayor a year ago, is a candidate, and his presence in the canvas means trouble. If he is strong enough to be nominated it is believed that he is not strong enough to be elected; and if he fails of a nomination he has the disposition, and may have the ability, to defeat whoever is nominated.

At all events the Democrats understand that the cards are in their hands, and they are very confident that they will be able to play them successfully. The Republicans have a decided majority of the voters, but as in Missouri and New Hampshire they may fail because they cannot use their own strength. A few days will determine, for the election is on the 20th of April.

As the San Domingo Commission arrived at Key West yesterday, it is expected here the last of this week, but it is not probable that the President will bring up the subject at this session. It is said that the discordancies of the commission have been partially harmonized and that they will all sign Mr. Wade's report, which however, is a little shaky on the questions of debt and boundary.

The nomination, yesterday, of Hon. John C. Forney, to the Collectorship of Philadelphia, indicates that the President apprehends the necessity of strengthening himself in the Key Stone State; and if it foreshadows a change of policy that will henceforward bring to prominent positions the foremost men of the country, the change will be hailed with general satisfaction.

The retirement of Mr. Bancroft from the mission at Berlin is announced and generally believed; but the historian takes his time, and Mr. Orth will hardly be his successor till late in the fall.

Gen. Eaton had a Mississippi schoolmaster drop in on him this week, fresh from the tender mercies of the Ku Klux. He had been whipped with a lash loaded at the end with hooks, and his flesh bore marks of having been sadly torn and lacerated. He was still very weak and emaciated from his severities, and glad enough to get to a place of security. If he goes back to "teach the young ideas (of the South) how to shoot" it will probably not be till he is better informed on the business of shooting.

The Senate has dodged the question of free coal and free salt, and it will not, probably, come up again at this session, as the adoption of Mr. Anthony's resolution precludes the consideration of any other business than that which pertains to the Ku Klux. The debate on the resolution was sharp and partizan, and indicated a high state of political feeling.

The question now before the Senate is the resolution of Mr. Sherman devolving on the Judiciary Committee the duty of reporting a bill at the present session. If Mr. Sherman's resolution is adopted it will not supercede the investigation provided for by the joint resolution. But, besides this thorough investigation, it is held that some measure of protection should be enacted immediately, to prevent the outrages which are all the time going on and which are gradually silencing the voice of loyalty in nearly all the Southern States. The speech of Senator Ames, on this point, was very decided, and great anxiety is felt on the subject by certain members in both Houses.

The House refuses to do any business and only votes from day to day, on the question of adjournment. Mr. Thurman told the Senate yesterday that it was useless to mature any business on the subject of Southern outrages, because the House could not, in its present temper, be brought to concur, and it looks as if he might be right. The Democrats refuse to come to any agreement as to the time of taking the vote on Mr. Sherman's resolution and evidently intend to make a factious opposition to its passage.

March continues to bear the aspects of April and vegetation here is fully three weeks in advance of its usual appearance. BUCKEYE.

## Affairs in South Carolina.

(Correspondence of the Blade.)

COLUMBIA, S. C., March 20, 1871.

DEAR BLADE:—Again I think it is probable that some of your readers would like to hear a word from South Carolina, (the first of the rebel States in war, and, from present auspices the last in peace.)

The state of the country, especially in the counties of York, Chester, Clarendon, Union and Spartanburg of this State, is one of unparalleled anarchy and confusion. The hands of the assassins known as the Ku Klux, or the Band of Safety, have already been deeply imbued with the blood of peaceful and unoffending citizens. At first it was hoped, by all who had claims to civilization and who loved life and *liberty*, that this wholesale assassination of unoffending citizens, would be promptly suppressed by the civil and military authorities. But alas for all hopes of peace and quietude, it seems that Providence has ordained otherwise. What at first the old citizens looked upon as a mere political organization, has grown into a Klan of prodigious magnitude, which by acts of violence and wholesale slaughter and intimidation can dismiss a jury without notice or warning, and orders the resignation of a county or State officer with as much ease as the proudest monarch that ever wielded a royal sceptre. The State militia has been dispersed in two or three instances, and even the United States troops have been attacked and repulsed with as much dignity and warlike demonstration as were ever made before or after the first gun of Sumter aroused an insulted nation to arms. Members of the Legislature and Senate receive notices that if their resignation is not handed in in ten, fifteen or twenty days they shall surely die. The State Treasurer has been ordered to resign. The State arms and munitions have been taken in two instances, and if the Legislature ever meets again they threaten to adjourn it *sine die*, by mild persuasion or by force of arms. All adventurers from the North, whether they be farmers, mechanics, merchants or politicians, are daily dreading that their end is nigh. I will mention one instance, like which there are dozens more.

One L. A. Bigger, of Napoleon, Ohio, a young man of good standing of high respectability who, as many others, came here in the fall of 1867, *and* as a peaceable *and* industrious citizen tried to reclaim the country *from* the state of poverty to which it was necessarily reduced during the rebellion—had amassed considerable property, and was beginning to realize the fruits of his labors—was in Nov. 1870—attacked, together with James B. Parker, also of Napoleon, by the Ku Klux. They were, however, on their guard and stood their ground with success. The only assigned cause, was their being Northerners. These same men were again attacked in December, his (Bigger's) store was *burned* and he was driven from his home. The loss sustained was $10,000. He returned the 1st of March, for the purpose of settling up his business, was again attacked while in the town of Manning, Clarendon, Co., S.C. his place of residence and business, at the hour of mid-night, taken from his bed—together with the same Parker, tied, blindfolded and gagged, and led to a dismal swamp—one mile from Manning—to be shot—Bigger, however, saved his life by giving the distress sign of masonary. But the *hell-hounds* tied them to trees riffled their pockets, and left them after first ordering them to leave the State in twenty-four hours, never to return.—Strange logic that too.

Tie a man to a tree in a dismal swamp twenty miles from any railroad, riffle his pockets, and compel him under penalty of death, to leave the State in twenty-four hours, is, according to my philosophy, very inconsistent.

It has been frequently asserted that all accounts of Ku-Klux, have been greatly magnified for political capital; yet I would like for all such believers to reside in the State of South Carolina for one month and see for themselves, and if they are not satisfied of the existence of this *Klan*—the *curse* of the South—I suppose they would soon be.

Respectfully,
R. W. B.

## EUROPEAN NEWS.

PARIS, March 21.—Evening—All chiefs of battallions of the National Guard of the second arrondissement have signed a manifesto joining their voices to those of the deputies to the Assembly and mayors of Paris in a determination to defend the Republic and its tranquility against all persons. They have organized a special force and measures for protecting their arrondissment, and appeal to all for cooperation in the work of conciliation and abstinence from crime. A similar movement is being made in other arrondissements.

There was a demonstration in the streets yesterday in favor of a union of all men of order. The demonstrationists proceeded to the insurgent headquarters but found the passage barred by bayonets. An angry altercation ensued and they retired, but the movement has a tendency to spread further.

Thiers has sent Glais Bizain as a delegate on the part of the government to conciliate the insurgents. Prospects for peace now seem hopeful.

VERSAILLES, March 22.—The National Assembly has approved a proclamation condemning the criminal attempts of a few madmen to involve France in ruin and dishonor, which are repudiated by the whole country. It appeals to the troops and citizens to rally and save the noble Republic.

The Assembly has declared against a bill abrogating the decree for suppressing councils.

Gen. P card announced in the Assembly that all functionaries of departments have offered to the Assembly their armed support.

Admiral Saisset, in some remarks gave the details of the arrangements of the insurgents, who, he said, hold Gen. Chanzy as a hostage, and will shoot him if they are attacked.

A large number of French cities and towns have adopted and forwarded to Versailles, resolutions protesting against the revolutions and proclaiming their adhesion to the government.

PARIS, March 22.—The National Guards search all the trains leaving Paris, and stop the egress of all military personages. The National Guards now hold and have occupied all the fortifications on the west of Paris.

VERSAILLES, March 22.—President Thiers has sent another circular to the Prefects of Departments, informing them that advices received by the government from all the Provinces are reassuring. Attempts to create disorder have everywhere failed. In Paris the citizens are organizing for the suppression of sedition. An army, now numbering 47,000, protects the government and Assembly at Versailles, which is rapidly becoming the master of events. A proclamation is about to be issued warning the insurgents to lay down their arms.

Lyons, Versailles and Bordeaux, where troubles were anticipated, remain tranquil. These official representations cannot be doubted. The government is hourly growing stronger, backed by the Assembly and supported by the country, with a majority of the citizens. Paris really is in its favor and surrounded by a constantly increasing army it is already favorable and begins to inspire a wholesome fear of its power.

BERLIN, March 22.—The semi-official provincial correspondent to-day, in an editorial on the troubles of Paris, says: Germany will certainly not interfere with the affairs in Paris, but she will know how to guard her interests and to press to their fulfilment the engagements entered into by France.

PARIS, March 22, via London—The official journal of the insurgents says the Central Republican Committee is unable to come to an understanding with the mayors, and is compelled to proceed with the elections without their co-operation. The elections are postponed until to-morrow, when they will be held under the superintendence of an electoral commission to be appointed by the Central Committee.

An editorial in the same paper seeks to prove that the Assembly now sitting in Versailles is legally incomplete on the ground that the election of some of the members were vitiated by foreign occupation and pressure.

The Chamber is described as narrow-minded, exclusive and rural. The article continues: "On Paris devolves the duty of compelling respect for the sovereignty of the people. She must see to it that she is not seperated from the provinces and that the provinces are not separated from each other. She must be the capital of France. It is unquestionably her right to proceed with the election of the Communal Council. The Central Republican Committee has taken wise and indispensible measures to prepare for the establishment of Commercial councils and for the election of all the chief officers of the National Guards by the members."

NEW YORK, March 23.—A Paris special says, that last evening about seven o'clock, an outbreak occurred in the Place Vendome. The insurgents had been very much irritated by a proclamation that the National Assembly had issued, and had determined to resist with violence. The temper of the general public, as they stood around discussing the situation, was sufficient to excite the anger of the Reds, for they were denounced on all sides and their outrages are spoken of in bitter terms. One gentleman reproached the National Guard for their timidity, their cowardice, and their apparent sympathy with the insurgents. The discussion grew very heated, and the people gathering together, evidently ripe for mischief, became so alarming that an order was given to the National Guard to clear the Place Vendome. The people refused to leave, and the Guard fired, killing five persons and wounding many others. This firing was successful in clearing the Place Vendome and as many of the crowd were Insurgents with chassepots in their hands, their indisposition to return the fire was regarded as very significant. Paris has, however, become much calmer and the absence of competent leaders with the Insurgents induces the citizens to believe that the rioters are not supported.

PARIS, March 22d.—This evening a large number of unarmed persons reached the Rue de la Paix entrance place at Vendome, and appealed to the sentries to give way to their passage into the districts occupied by the insurgents. The National Guard's request was refused by the sentries. The demonstrators then unfurled a color of the National Guards and threatened to bayonet the flag bearer, and the crowd at once commenced to retire. Baron Nathan then seized the flag and exhorted the crowd to advance against the illegal forces occupying the place.—The order was obeyed, when the National Guards, occupying the place, beat their drums and fired in the air. The crowd retreating too slowly, three ranks of the National Guards filed out from the main body and fired. There was a terrible scene for five minutes, and the crowd broke into a terror stricken retreat at last. Thirty persons were killed and wounded by the fire of the National Guards. Baron Nathan received two shots in the chest. The Nationals in the Place Vendome have since been reinforced, and are orderly. The National Guards generally have been called to arms, and fighting is apprehended to-night. The affair created great consternation among the people in Paris.

A Paris journal says that Count Von Bismarck has informed Thiers that the Germans will occupy Paris on Sunday, unless by that time Thiers is master of the situation.

Jules Favre read a letter from Bismarck, who says events in Paris do not indicate an execution of the convention with the Germans, which forbids any approach to the lines before the forts occupied by the Germans. Bismarck claims the restoration within twenty-four hours of the telegraph leading to Paintain, or Paris will be treated as an enemy, and should there be any more proceedings in violation of the preliminaries of peace, the fire of the forts will be opened upon the city. Favre stated that he had replied to Bismarck that the insurrection in Paris was a surprise to the government, but it would be suppressed. If there was a delay in its suppression, it was because the government was hopeful of avoiding bloodshed. The government had not the means for repairing the telegraph, but it would ask its reinstatement by the mayors of the arrondizements through which it passed.

LONDON, March 24.—General Schlattem, the Prussian commander at St. Dennis, has sent a dispatch to the commander of Paris, to the effect that the Germans occupying the forts in the north and northwestern sides of the city will maintain a passive and friendly attitude, and that nothing hostile will be done, but if the conditions or preliminaries of peace are overstepped Paris will be treated as an enemy.

Delegate, Minister of Foreign Affairs, replied that the revolutionary proceedings in Paris are purely a municipal affair, and can in no sense be regarded aggressive towards Germany. Delegate adds that he has not the jurisdiction and cannot discuss matters in reference to the preliminaries of peace which were voted by the Assembly.

The Bordeaux, official journal of the insurrectionists, threatens that all writers for the press who attack the Central Committee will be brought before that body for trial. The same journal announces that all officials who do not return to their posts before the 27th of March will be discharged.

The Debats contains a bold article, which bears the signature of Lemoine, attacking the National Government in scathing language for its apathy towards the insurrection.

The Deputies who held a parley with the insurgents at the Hotel de Ville in Paris, say that the insurrectionary committee are losing the upper hand over their own men.

The orderly National Guards now occupy the space between the Rue Richelieu Boulevard and Rue Montmartre. The Rue des Halles, Rue du Pontrieuf, Rue St. Remain l'Auxerrois and Rue de Rivoli Maire are occupied by the first arrondissement, and is defended by two guns.

The insurgents have occupied Mairie of the arrondissment of Du Pontheau,—They failed to seduce the scholars of Potytechnique, who have obtained a week's holiday, and joined the orderly National Guards in the place of De la Bourse, where there is a large force, and great vigilance in expectation of an attack from the insurgents of Montmartre, and the insugents generally are in ecstacies over the friendliness exhibited in Gen Schlatten's dispatch, while the Parisians suspect complicity on the part of the Prussians with the insurgents.

### Profitable Farming.

A lawyer whose failing health compelled him to abandon his profession, located in Minnesota, and engaged in farming on a large scale, using money to improve and conduct operations in the best manner, realized these results: On three farms of 2,000 acres, 1,700 were in wheat. His yield in 1866 was 35,700 bushels, gross price $53,550, profits $14,500; 1868, yield 29,000 bushels, net profits $20,400. His profits would have been larger, except for the extremely high prices which ruled in 1866—seed wheat costing $2.50 per bushel, with corresponding disbursements for breaking and other expenses. These expenses include interest on the capital employed in land, stock, implements, &c. The original cost of the land averaged about $12 per acre, so that after allowing amply for the expenses of building, fencing, and other improvements, the net profits on two year's crops were more than sufficient to cover the whole, while the market value of the land and improvements is to-day nearly or quite three times their first cost.

The High Commission is not likely to come to any agreement on the fishing question on account of the attitude assumed by the Canadian authorities and their representative, Sir John McDonald, who refuses to make the concessions asked by our government concerning the Alabama claims. It is understood that from present indications there is a wide difference between the representatives of the two governments as to the mode of settlement, and unless there are mutual concessions the whole business will end in nothing.

## CONGRESS.

In the Senate, on the 22d, a remonstrance was presented from the Free Trade League against the repeal of the duty on tea and coffee as rendering more difficult the repeal of the duty on iron, salt, etc. The House resolution to adjourn on the 23d was taken up and laid on the table. The bill providing for the admission of animals from Canada, specially imported for breeding purposes, free of duty, was indefinitely postponed. The resolution specifying certain legislation as the exclusive business of the present session was taken up. The amendment to provide for legislation on the South was adopted. The resolution was finally adopted in the following shape:

*Resolved*, That the Senate will consider during the present session only the deficiency appropriation bill, concurrent resolution for joint committee and the investigation upon the South, and the resolution now pending, instructing the Judiciary Committee to report a bill or bills that will enable the President and courts of the United States to execute the laws in said states, and such reports as may be made by the Judiciary Committee on the subject.

The resolution instructing the Judiciary Committee to report a bill to suppress Ku Klux outrages was then considered. Without result, the Senate adjourned.

In the House, several members elect were sworn in. A resolution to adjourn on Friday was introduced. The Free Trade League remonstrance against the repeal of the duty on tea and coffee was presented, and the House adjourned.

In the Senate, on the 23d, a bill was introduced to suppress disorder in the South, authorizing the President to declare martial law and to call the militia. Mr. Sumner asked leave to present a resolution, in reference to the employment of the United States navy along the coast of San Domingo during the annexation negotiations. He proceeded to read the resolutions, when considerable discussion arose as to their being in order.—The morning hour having expired, the resolution of Mr. Sherman in reference to a bill upon Ku Klux outrages was taken up. A special message from the President was read and laid on the table to be printed. After a brief executive session, the Senate adjourned.

In the House, a resolution was adopted to adjourn on Monday next until the first Monday in December. A message from the President was read asking for legislation to maintain order in the South. On motion, the message was referred to a select Committee of nine. The House then adjourned until Monday.

In the Senate, on the 24th, the House resolution for adjournment on Monday was laid on the table. Mr. Sumner presented resolutions upon the San Domingo matter, similar to those presented the day before, which were read. A point of order was raised as to receiving them, and the point of order was laid on the table. The resolutions were not received, and Mr. Sumner gave notice of his intention to address the Senate upon the subject on Monday. The Deficiency Appropriation bills were taken up, and after adopting several amendments, without disposing of the bill, the Senate adjourned.

The House was not in session.

In the Senate, on the 25th, Mr. Clayton, Senator elect from Arkansas, took the oath of office. Mr. Sumner offered a resolution directing the Secretary of the Navy to communicate to the Senate the cost of supporting the ships engaged in guarding the coast of San Domingo. The resolution was laid aside, and the cases of Messrs. Blodgett and Goldthwaite were taken up and debated until the morning hour expired. The Deficiency Appropriation bill was then considered and passed. Adjourned.

There will be an effort made to incorporate a general amnesty clause in the Anti-Ku Klux bill now being prepared by Mr. Shellabarger.


## CONSUMPTION!

### ITS CURE AND ITS PREVENTIVE.

BY J. H. SCHENCK, M. D.

Many a human being has passed away for whose death there was no other reason than the neglect of known and indisputably proven means of cure. Those near and dear to family and friends are sleeping the dreamless slumber into which, had they calmly adopted

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In this statement there is nothing presumptuous. To the faith of the invalid is made no representation that is not a thousand times substantiated by living and visible works. The theory of the cure by Dr Schenck's medicines is as simple as it is satisfying. Its philosophy requires no arguments. It is self-assuring self-convincing.

The Sea-weed Tonic and Mandrake Pills are the first two weapons with which the citadel of the malady is assailed. Two thirds of the cases of consumption originate in dyspepsia and a functionally disordered liver. With this condition the bronchial tubes "sympathize" with the stomach. They respond to the morbific action of the liver. Here then comes the culminating result, and the setting in, with all its distressing symptoms of

**CONSUMPTION.**

The Mandrake Pills are composed of one of Nature's noblest gifts—the Podophyllum Peltatum. They possess all the blood-searching, alterative properties of calomel, but, unlike calomel, they

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The work of cure is now beginning. The vitiated and mucous deposits in the bowels and in the alimentary canal are ejected. The liver, like a clock, is wound up. It arouses from its torpidity. The stomach acts responsively, and the patient begins to feel that he is getting, at last,

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The Sea-weed Tonic, in conjunction with the Pills, permeates and assimilates with the food. Chylification is now progressing without its previous tortures. Digestion becomes painless, and the cure is seen to be at hand. There is no more flatulence, no exacerbation of the stomach. An appetite sets in.

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**GIVEN UP AS LOST**

The second thing is, the patients must stay in a warm room until they get well; it is almost impossible to prevent taking cold when the lungs are diseased, but it must be prevented or a cure can not be effected. Fresh air and riding out especially in this section of the country, in the fall and winter season, are all wrong. Physicians who recommend that course lose their patients. If their lungs are badly diseased and yet, to assure they are to the house they must, not sit down quiet; they must walk about the room as much and as fast as the strength will bear, to get up a good circulation of blood. The patients must keep in good spirits—be determined to get well. That has a great deal to do with the appetite and is the great point to gain.

To dispair of cure after such evidence of its possibility in the worst cases, and moral certainty in all others, is sinful. Dr. Schenck's personal attendance to the Faculty or his own clerks was in these modest words:

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"As soon as that began to subside, my cough, fever, pains and night sweats all began to leave me, and my appetite became so great that it was with difficulty that I could keep from eating too much. I soon gained my strength, and have grown in flesh ever since.

"I was weighed shortly after my recovery," added the Doctor, "then looking like a mere skeleton; my weight was only ninety seven pounds; my present weight is two hundred and twenty-five (225) pounds and for years I have enjoyed uninterrupted health."

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# Our Young Folks.

## THE LITTLE ACORN

BY M. H. E.

The little brown acorn lies under the ground
While the wild winds of winter are blowing,
Till the warm, gentle rain
Calls the flowers again,
"Up little flowers, and be growing!"

It feels the clear sky stretching warm overhead,
It knows that the green grass is springing;
The fresh earth is fair,
And through the warm air
Homeward the swallows are winging.

So it doffs its brown cap and peeps out of the earth,
Eager to see and be hearing;
It is timid and shy
Of the crowsfoot near by;
Even the violets fearing.

But up from the earth, reaching into the light,
It flourishes taller and stronger;
The flowers fade and die
As the summer goes by,
And the days linger sultry and longer.

And the days change to months, and the months into years,
Little children wax aged and hoary,
Still its sturdy boughs grow,
As the long years go,
Towering high in their strength and their glory.

—*Little Corporal Magazine.*

## THE PROMISE OF SPRING

BY AMELIA E. DALEY.

I've covered up my pansies,
And smothered my garden bed,
This cold November afternoon,
For all my flowers are dead.
The garden walks seemed lonely,
And, when my work was done,
I thought that I had never seen
So pale a setting sun;
I thought it missed the blossoms,
And grieved for them, and then
I sang aloud that spring would come,
And flowers would bloom again.

I'm sure the sun could hear me;
For in the west there sprang
A sudden flush of rosy light,
And glowed there while I sang.
It lighted up the garden
So dark and cold till then,
And made the fallen beech leaves
All bright with gold again.
And through the leafless branches
A whisper seemed to run,
As if the promised spring time
Were even then begun.

It almost seemed, dear mother,
As if that flush of light,
Must somehow drive the darkness
Away from earth to-night;
As if at deepest midnight,
'Twould through my window creep,
And fill with happy dreaming
The quiet home of sleep;
And so I came to tell you
How glad the earth could be
Made, by the hopeful singing
Of a little child like me.

## "When my Ship Comes in."

BY S. O. H.

There were two little boys named Bob and Ben, and they lived—well they lived in a house. It was a red brick house, with white marble door-steps just like all the neighbors'; the only way you might know it was by a mable tree in a green wooden box before the door. Then there was a tiny back-yard, with morning glories, and a painted blue hydrant, and a grape vine. And when it didn't rain once through the long dusty month of July, what fun for Bob and Ben to put their hands straight under the hydrant-spout and send the water in a spray all over the great green leaves with the shut "glories" in their midst! They were good little boys, and their mother was very willing they should amuse themselves in this way, even if the little boot tips were wet sometimes and the water ran up each little shirt-sleeve. "They had so few pleasures," she thought; "they can't go into the country, so they shall have all the fun that the water and the green vines can give."

So they played, many and many a day, that there was a great fire over the grape-vine, and Ben would ring the dinner-bell, ding-dong, ding-dong! Then they would tear down the side-yard with a pair of wheels they had saved from some long-lost coach, and shout tremendous directions to each other through a battered tin horn. In a minute Bob would tie the clothes-line round the hydrant, and then turn on the water, quick, and spout it would go, sometimes up to the very top of the grape-vine trellis!

You see they were not rich people at all, Bob and Ben's father and mother. They had enough money to give their little boys bread and butter and blackberry-jam, and fresh, clean clothes always, and once or twice in the long summer a trip on the river in a great crowded steamboat. But they couldn't shut up their house and leave the key at the apothecary's, and drive off in a family carriage to their own farm-house. They didn't have any country cousins, so poor little Bob and Ben were growing up and never knowing what fun it is to play in the hay and hunt eggs in the barn. *They* only knew eggs in a market-basket, along with beefsteak and hominy, and there wasn't much fun to carry that heavy thing all the way home.

But they had a dear good mother, whose heart was troubled sometimes that her children should not know all the fun there was in the world. She was determined they should have, at any rate, all that was possible in that hot little house in town. When one of her neighbors went to the sea-side, and said how sorry she was Bob and Ben's mother couldn't go too, what do you think that good mother did? She brought a bag made of ticking, a stout, strong bag, and asked the neighbor if she would fill that with sea-sand, and bring it home with her trunks and her baby's carriage. She had forgotten all about it, when the neighbor came home, but out of the express-wagon came the stout, striped bag, and was carried up into the garret by Bob and Ben's father, after the little boys were in bed.

The next day, when their mother took them up stairs, there was the great heap of clean, gray sand, with two little buckets, and two large white clam shells for shovels. And when the window was open and the sun shone in on the sand, making it sparkle like diamonds, and the breeze blew it across the floor, there was such a delicious salty smell about it—it was just next best, the mother thought, to being at the sea-side itself. Bob and Ben thought it was wonderful, and played in it day after day, letting it run through their fingers in cool little streams, and piling it up into mounds, with a sham-fight box on the top for a fort, and the tin soldiers charging up the hill.

One day they patted it, out all smooth and thick on the floor, in an oval shape like a little grassplot, and Ben slipped off his shoe and stocking and planted his foot firmly upon it, till the little heel and five toes were printed plain in the sand! After that they had Robinson Crusoe every day; for Bob had read about the foot prints in the sand, and they went on from that place in their play.

Sometimes Ben was the savage chief, who came across from the blanket chest that was the mainland, in an old tin bath tub, that would just hold him and his stair-rod spears. He would spring upon the sand island, that lay so temptingly in the middle of the floor, and stand up quite gorgeous in his dress of pink mosquito bar, and some peacock feathers from the fly brush stuck into his curls. And Bob would be hiding among the trunks, and would jump out after him with a real gun, his own darling wooden Chassepot, and drive this warrior chief away.

Then Ben, stripped of his finery, would come, dragging himself across the floor, and be poor Friday, quite exhausted on the shore! And the brave Bob again would make signs to him to go to the little wooden bucket, where the gingerbread was, and give him plenty of sweetened water from an old ale bottle hid in the sand. They coaxed old pussy up stairs one day, and first she was the cat, and afterwards the tiger and all sorts of animals; but pussy was frightened with so much hunting, that she sprang through the open window and out upon the roof, where they could not follow her. Robinson Crusoe lasted a long time in that hot, stifling summer, and the mother thought, as she heard the merry play up stairs, that the happy hearts of her children were better than silver and gold.

In the summer evenings, Bob and Ben sat on the door-step, with clean white shirts and shining boots, and mamma, at the parlor window, listened to their talk. As it grew dark, the fire-flies came out and sparkled in and out under the maple tree; though what the fire-flies wanted in that city street I never could discover, only I know they were there—perhaps to give the little city boys a glimpse of the shining glories of a summer night away out in the country. Thus it was one night that mamma heard the boys say to each other over and over again, "When my ship comes in." And she laughed to think how they had caught her words. For, last winter, when Bob wanted a new pair of skates, for his old ones were very shackling and tied up with string, mamma had said she couldn't afford it; "wait till my ship comes in!"

And her little boys, though they knew it only meant, "wait till I have more money than I have now," were so enchanted with the thought of a great ship, with white, full sails, coming to them over the sea, loaded with beatiful wonders for Bob and Ben, that they talked about it to each other in whispers every night.

This night the ship was crammed indeed, coming creaking in to shore. There were things for mamma aboard—a shining blue silk like Aunt Maria's, and a lovely white fan; and a carriage, with long-tailed black horses, to take her out riding, with Ben on the seat beside the driver, holding the reins. Bob's pony was on board too—a Shetland pony, with the dearest little hoofs, that Bob could take up in his hand and look at, just as he had seen the blacksmith do with great, tall horses. Down in the cabin of that ship there was a piano for mamma, in place of the old melodeon that would sound like hymns all the time, no matter what you played!

For papa, well—they were not so sure about papa—all the newspapers in the world, for one thing. But papas never seem to have any wants! They *had* heard him say he wanted a little daughter, a baby sister for Bob and Ben, so they settled upon the sister, after much discussion.

The things that "ship coming in" was to bring! It would take all day to write them. "Sugar-plums," Ben said, "pink and white, and chocolate for mamma," loads of them. The whole hold of that ship, bless you, was filled with sugar-plums from stem to stern; the other things were piled up in the cabins and on deck. Bob had sent for a real Indian bow and arrows, and Ben ordered forthwith unlimited firecrackers and Chinese kites; the ship was to touch at many lands, you see. Part of her cargo was white mice in reckless proximity to a black-and-tan terrier with no ears to speak of.

"And we'll have pigeons," said little Ben.

"And," responded Bob the dauntlesss, "a real drum and a triangle to play 'sea-enaders,' and a—and—"

"Just here, as the little consignees were plainly getting sleepy, mamma swept them off to bed, and they finised the invoice in their dreams.

The next morning, as soon as the sun was up, two little figures in night-gowns ran down stairs, out through the kitchen, and climbed up the fence to gather the morning-glories. Great trailing purple and blue cups, with the dew on them in beady drops, and here and there a pale pink one that looked like a cousin of the darker ones.—Mamma found flowers on her pillow, when she got awake, close to her cheek, and there were "glories" on the mantel-shelf and all around the pin-cushion.—When they came to breakfast, there were the same flowers in the napkin rings and a wreath of them round the rolls.

"A little boat has put off from that ship, I guess," said mamma slyly, "I wonder if it's the same one that brought tickets for the menagerie!"

Sure enough, the managerie came to town that morning; the little boys stood on the steps to see it pass. The great elephants with their red cloth covers, and the name "Sultana" or "Columbus" sewed in yellow letters on the side, went tramping through the streets, curling up their large ears like great fans—only the mouse-colored trunk and the ridiculous flapping tail to be seen of them. The spotted ponies, looking as though they had been out in a snow-storm, and great flakes had stuck to their sides; and then the mysterious green cages with barred doors, from which Bob and Ben were sure they heard dreadful growls!

Of course they could eat no dinner, with that strange wild music sounding in their ears, so papa hurried through his, and off they went. It was in a tent, quite up-town, this menagerie. The seats were in a circle, row above row, and the canvas cover of the tent came down and rested upon their shoulders as they sat in the top row. Before the performance began, a man went round with a basket of peanuts on his arm, and a great many ten-cent notes held between the fingers of his right hand. He would wave this hand and the money in it up to the very top bench, and Bob and Ben had peanuts, of course. The same man kept coming round and round with lemonade and pop-corn, and bothered them dreadfully afterward, flourishing his ten cent notes as he said, "Lemonade up there?"

The elephant lay down and got up again, and picked up things with his trunk. He rocked the keeper, too, like a baby in a cradle, lying curled up in the hollow of it. The ponies flew round with monkeys on their backs, shivering and grinning; and horses danced to the strange music, and did everything but talk!

In the midst of it, the rain came pouring down! There was such a crowd and laughing that Bob and Ben's father thought they had better sit still, as it might be only a shower. So the rain poured down the sloping sides of the tent, and came through in some places, and dear little Ben got quite wet where the tent touched his shoulders. Papa tried to keep off the rain, but it came too fast, in great driving gusts and showers. And the performance went on, but there was not much fun after that.

Mamma had the front door open, with warm clothes ready before the kitchen fire, and rubbed the little shoulders and feet till they were quite red and warm.

The next day, would you believe it, "the ship coming in" was to have great stores of monkeys on board, and a spotted pony that could dance to music!

"And peanuts," said little Ben.

But Ben was drooping somehow. He did not want to play up in the garret, but to lie on the floor at mamma's feet as she sat and sewed. He fell asleep there, and she lifted him on to the sofa, where he lay till night. He was very pink when papa came home, so they bathed his feet in warm water and put him to bed. All night long mamma gave him little bits of bright ice with a spoon, saying "he must have taken cold after all!"

The next morning he was no better, so the doctor came with his great ticking watch and held the little wrist a long while with his large white fingers.

"Was he very hot or excited when the shower came on?" he asked.

Ah, no! Ben was never excited; Bob was the noisy brother. Ben had sat very quiet, leaning his little arm on papa's knee and his chin upon his hand, looking down upon monkeys and elephants with wide-open blue eyes.

"He sat too long in wet clothes," the Doctor said; "he must have been chilled through."

How sorry papa was, then, that he hadn't brought them away at the very first pattering drop! But they had begged so hard to stay!

Dear little Ben! He lay there day after day; sometimes he seemed better, and they all felt so happy, then. Papa brought home a great Noah's ark, and mamma put out the animals in double rows on the japan tray. But Ben held the elephant in his hand with half-shut eyes, and called out in a little weak voice, "Lemonade up there?"

Then mamma sent for a lemon and made some cold delicious drink in a beautiful little glass tumbler, but Ben, though he was propped up to drink it, only tasted it once and wanted to lie down again.

He talked in his sleep sometimes of wonderful things, and mamma knew by that what the ship was to bring him, and what her boy had wanted all his little life. Just here and there, mixed up with the sleepy talk, was a good word or two that made mamma's heart ache. That her little darling should ever have wanted anything that she was too poor to give! It he would only get strong now, she would take him to the sea-side, no matter what it cost; he should bathe in the soft, tumbling surf, and play all day in the sand. Or they would go together into the country, and Ben should lie on the sweet grass and feed the chickens all day long.

But it could not be! The days went on, long, heavy days, and little Ben tossed and talked in his sleep with half-open eyes. At last there came a morning when he slept quite still, and mamma, though her heart was sick, thought, "It a change—he may, he must be better, after this quiet sleep."

While she watched him, suddenly he spoke out clear and strong, "The ship is coming! with mamma's—and for Bob!" And, in a weaker voice, "and for Ben!"

Then the little voice stopped and mamma knew that the ship had come in indeed! It had come to carry Ben away into another country.

The dear little head would ache no longer, the tired little voice, with all its weary counting, was still!

The ship did come, but it bore a precious freight away.

### Rachel and Her Chickens.

There was once a little girl named Rachel Brown, who told her father that she wanted to be of some use in the world.

"Why, what can you do, my little girl?" said Mr. Brown. "You must learn to write and cipher before you can be of any use."

"I can read a little now," said Rachel, "and I shall soon learn to write and cipher. I have plenty of time for play; and what I would like is to do something useful."

"Well, my dear, try and think what you would like to do, and then come and tell me," said Mr. Brown.

So Rachel thought and thought; and at last she thought that she would like to take care of the hens and chickens.

Now, Mr. Brown was a rich man, and he had a nice farm. So, when Rachel told him she would like to take care of the hens and chickens, he said she might do it.

"But," added he, "you must learn well how to take care of them." "I know it," said Rachel: "I will learn all I can about the habits of hens, and then do for them what is best."

So Rachel took charge of the hens; and every day she fed them with care And they had a good many eggs; and her father told her to sell the eggs and keep the money for herself.

Rachel did as her father told her to; and, as her father paid all the cost of keeping the hens, the egg money counted up pretty fast.

Rachel had no need of spending it, for her father gave her everything that she wanted; so she saved it for future use; and ten years went by, and then her father lost all his money, and became so ill that he died.

Rachel was then a young lady; and she must do something for a living. So she took the money she had saved up by selling eggs; and then bought a little cottage, and with it a great many hens.

She knew so well how to take care of them, and keep them in health, that she soon became famous for the eggs her hens laid; and she made money enough, not only for herself, but for her mother and younger sister.

Now, dear little readers, this is a true story; and I who write it am Rachel Brown.—*The Nursery.*

# Wit and Humor.

### OSSIP A LA MODE.

"I heard it!" "Who told you?" "Her friend," (!) "You don't say?" "'Tis dreadful!" "Yes, awful!" "Don't tell it, I pray!"

"Lord help us!" "Poor creature!" "So awful!" "So sly!" "No beauty!" "Quite thirty!" "Between you and I!"

"Good gracious!" "Who'd think it?" "Well! well! well!" "Dear me!" "I've had MY Suspicions!" "And I, too, you see!"

"I'm going!" "Do stay, love!" "I can't!" "I'm forlorn!" "Farewell, dear!" "Good-by, sweet!" *"I'm glad she is gone!"*

### Courting Under Difficulties.

I made the acquamtance of a young lady once at a party, who was rather good-looking; and I, being rather susceptible, of course fell in love.

I accompanied the young lady home, but had a very polite invitation from the young lady's father to stay at home! But, nothing daunted, I resolved to win Jane Ann at all hazards. If anything, I rather liked old D——'s objections, for that made the thing romantic, you know.

The next evening, knowing that Jane Ann would be at church, I borrowed a horse and carriage from a friend, and went there for the purpose of taking Jane Ann home after church was over.

I am afraid I did not pay much attention to the sermon on that evening; and I thought, at that time, it was the longest I had ever listened to. But as everything earthly has an end, so had that sermon; and I thought it the happiest moment of my life, when I assisted Jane Ann into my carriage.

We of course took the longest road to B——'s possible; and as it was in an opposite direction from my horse's home, and as he had not had his supper, he did not care much about going; but I at last got him under way, and then gave my attention to my companion, and commenced conversation which ran some what in this way:

"Dear Janie, isn't this a beautiful—Whoa, there! Where are you going to?"

The last was addressed to the horse, who had suddenly taken a notion to turn around.

"See how beautiful the moon—whoa, there! Where in the dickens are you going to?"

The horse was going square into the fence.

"Oh! Janie, I've long wished for this opportunity to—whoa, there. Confound that horse—I've long wished for the opportunity to tell you how much I—come out of that, you cat-muncher! Where is the mischief are you going to?"

The horse was going into the lines again, but I straightened him and commenced again:

"I've long wanted to tell you, Janie, how much I love you—come out of that, you son of a-gun! What are you turning around for? And oh—Janie, if I thought you—where the deuce are you going? Whoa, there! loved me half as well as—confound that horse! Whoa, there! I love you—come out of that! I'd be perfectly con—found that horse! Yes, Janie, I'd be perfectly—darn that horse! Whoa, there!"

I was too late; the horse turned square around, upsetting the carriage and breaking it all to smash, but fortunately not hurting Janie or I. I walked home with Janie, but never finished my speech.

The carriage cost me forty dollars to get it repaired, and I haven't indulged in the luxury of falling in love since.

### A Patriotic Jury.

Charles M. Lee was a well-known criminal lawyer, of Rochester, New York.—He summed up a case with a superfluity of gesture, and an affluence of prespiration that would have astonished even John Graham in his vehement and melting moods. Lee was defending an old revolutionary soldier for passing a forged promissory note for some $30. There was hardly the faintest doubt of his guilt; but Lee contrived to get before the jury the fact that the prisoner, then a dare-devil boy of nineteen, was one of the storming party that followed Mad Anthony Wayne in his desperate night assault upon Stony Point, and helped to carry the wounded General into the fort during that terrible fray. In summing up, after getting over the ugly points of the evidence as best he could, then undertook to cary the jury by escalade, on the ground of the prisoner's revolutionary services. He described in graphic language the bloody attack on Stony Point, the impetous valor of Wayne, the daring exploit of his client, and wound up with this stunning interrogatory: "Gentlemen of the jury, will you send to the prison for passing a thirty dollar forged note, an old hero of three score years and ten, who, in his youth, cheered the heart of his country in the darkest hour of the revolution, by storming Stony Point?"

This was a poser. The chins of some of the jury quivered, but the foreman, a bluff farmer, put on an air which seemed to say that storming Stony Point was a good thing in its line, but what had it to do with passing this forged note? After being out a couple of hours the jury returned to the court room, when the clerk went through the usual formula:

"Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon a verdict?"

"We have."

"Do you find the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty, because he stormed Stony Point," thundered the stalwart foreman, who, it was afterward learned, was the last to come to an agreement.

The audience applauded, the crier rapped to order, the District Attorney objected to the recording of the verdict and the Judge sent the jury out again, telling the foreman in a rather sharp tone that they must find an unconditional verdict of guilty or not guilty. After an absence of a few minutes they returned, when the foreman returned a simple verdict of not guilty, adding, however, as he dropped into his seat, "It was a good thing, though, Judge, for the old revolutionary cuss that he stormed Stony Point."

### Mark Twain's Horse.

I have a horse by the name of Jericho. He is a mare. I have seen remarkable horses before, but none so remarkable as this. I wanted a horse that would shy, and this fills the bill. I had an idea that shying indicated spirit. If it was correct, I have got the most spirited horse on earth. He shies at everything he comes across with the utmost partiality. He appears to have a mortal dread of telegraph poles especially; and it is fortunate that these are on both sides of the road, because, as it is now, I never fall off twice in succession on the same side. If I fell on the same side always, it would get monotonous after a while. The creature has shied at everything he has seen to-day except a haystack. He walked up to that with an intrepidity and recklessness that was astonishing. And it would fill any one with admiration to see how he preserved his self-possession in the presence of a barley sack. This dare-devil bravery will be the death of this horse some day. He is not particularly fast, but I think he will do all the work I want. He has only one fault; his tail has been chopped off, or else he has set down on it too hard some time or other, and has to fight the flies with his heels. This is all very well, but when he tries to kick a fly off the top of his head with his hind foot, it is too much of a variety. He is going to get himself into trouble that way some day. He reaches around and bites my legs, too. I do not care particularly about that,—only I do not like to see a horse too sociable.

### One of the Unfortunates.

A hoosier, an awful ugly man, relating his travels in Missouri, said that he arrived at Chickenville in the afternoon and just a few days afore thar had been a boat busted, and a heap of people scalded and killed, one way and another. "So at last, as I went into a grocery, a squad of people followed me in, and one 'lowed, yes he, 'It's one of the unfortunate sufferers by the bustin' of the Franklin;' and upon that he axed me to drink with him, and as I had my tumbler half ways up to my mouth, he stopped me of a sudden.

"'I beg your pardon, stranger; but—,' says he.

"'But what?' says I.

"'Just fix your mouth that way again!' says he.

"I done it, just like I was gwine to drink, and I'll be hanged if I didn't think the whole on 'em would go into fits! They yelled and whooped like a gang of wolves. Finally one of 'em ses, 'Don't make fun of the unfortunate; he's hardly got over bein' blowed up yet. Let's make a puss for him.' Then they all throwed in, and made up five dollars. As the spokesman handed me the change he axed me—

"Whar did you find yourself after the explosion?'

"'In a flatboat,' ses I.

"How far from the Franklin?' ses he.

"Why,' ses I, 'I never seen her, but as nigh as I can guess, it must have been, from what they tell me, nigh on to three hundred and seventy-five miles!' You aughter see that gang scatter.

"I say Tom, where's that counterfeit ten dollar bill you had a while ago?'—"Well, I was never quite clear in my mind about dat are bill. Some days I thought it was a bad bill, and oder days I thought it was a good bill; and one of dem days when I thought it was a good bill jest passed it away!"

Two young misses, discussing the qualities of some young gentlemen, were overheard thus: "Well, I like Charley, but he is a little girlish; he hasn't got the least bit of beard." "I say Charley has got a beard; but he shaves it off." "No, he hasn't either; any more than I have." "I say he has, too, and I know it; for it pricked my cheek." That's how she knew.

Professor S., of Hartford, the other day, felt uncomfortably stiff and sore—caught cold perhaps. He lay down on a lounge, and requested his friend W. to knead and rub him after the movement cure style. W. gently beat him on the chest. "How hollow it sounds," said K., who was looking on. "That's nothing," said W.; "wait till I get to his head."

SEEING IS BELIEVING.—A notorious scamp was once brought before an Onondaga justice of the peace. He was accused of having "come the strap game" over a native. The portly justice, wishing to decide understandingly, asked to see a sample of his skill. "The party" instantly produced a leather strap, gave it a scientific whisk across the table, and remarked:

"You see, judge, the quarter under the strap?"

"What!" interrupted the dignified functionary, "do you mean to say there is a quarter under there?"

"Sartin!" was the reply.

"No such thing," said the justice.

"I'll go you a dollar on it," exclaimed the prisoner.

"Agreed!" said the justice.

With accustomed adroitness the strap was withdrawn, when lo! there was the quarter.

"Well," said the astonished Shallow, "I should not have believed it if I had not seen it with my own eyes. Here is your dollar, and you are fined five dollars for gambling, contrary to the statute in such case made and provided."

The elongated countenance of the gambler required no additional evidence to testify his appreciation of "the sell."

A Cincinnati journal tells an incident in which the late Wesley Smead, a well-known banker, and another well-known and eccentric citizen, whose credit did not stand very high in bank-parlors, were actors. Mr. Ridenour called on Mr. Smead for a loan, "Certainly, Mr. R. I shall accommodate you with pleasure," "but, Mr. Smead, I shall want it for a long time." "So much the better, Mr. R." "And I want $10,000 for ten years." "Couldn't be better, Mr. R.; that will just answer," said Smead. "I shall be moderate with you and charge you but ten per cent" "That's generous," responded R.; "I expected to be charged a higher rate." "I suppose you know," continued Smead, "that the rule with bankers is to take the interest in advance for the time the note has to run. I will deduct ten per cent for ten years from the $10,000 you ask, and let you have the proceeds of your note." The journal adds: "It took Ridenour three hours to get that through his 'har.'"

A physician tells the following tough story:

I remember one day in making my hospital rounds, a patient just arrived presented me an amputated forearm, and in doing so could scarcely refrain from a broad laugh; the titter was constantly on his face.

"What is the matter? This does not strike me as a subject of laughter."

"It is not, doctor; but excuse me. I lost my arm in so funny a way, that I still laugh when I look at it. Our first sergeant wanted shaving badly, and got me to attend to it, as I am corporal. We went together in front of his tent: I had lathered him, took him by the nose and was applying the razor, when a cannon ball came, and that was the last I saw of either his head or my arm. Excuse me doctor for laughing as I do, but I'll be especially blasted if I ever saw such a bully thing.

A distinguished American artist was once visited in his studio by a little party of ladies, all strangers to him. At last they went away, but one of the women soon returned alone. Getting the attention of the artist, she began in the most confidential and winning manner: "Mr. ——, don't you think that in some future group you may introduce the figure of a widow?" "Of course it is possible, yet not likely. Why do you ask?" "Because I have a picture of myself taken only a month after my husband died, which has just the right expression, and I will lend it to you, if you really think you will ever use it."

A sharp student was called up by the worthy Professor of a celebrated college, and asked the question, "Can a man see without eyes?" "Yes sir," was the prompt reply. "How, sir," cried the astonished professor, "can a man see without eyes? Pray, sir, how do you make that out?" He can see with one, sir," replied the ready-witted youth; and the whole class shouted with delight at the triumph over metaphysics.

A minister out West vouches for the following: "A Kansas girl was standing, hand in hand with her lover, with eyes and mouth agape, watching the incoming of the first train on a new railroad. The locomotive was quiet until it came into the depot; but when the whistle blew, as the engine was stopping, the girl burst out with the exclamation, *'Why, la! she come pisen in afore she bellered!'*"

Paper petticoats having come into fashion, the following advertisement whereof appears in England: "Madame Percale begs leave to call the attention of ladies about to visit the seaside to her new and richly embroidered paper petticoats, at one shilling each. Each petticoat contains an installment of a new novel of great domestic interest, by Anthony Trollope, entitled 'Tucks and Frills.' The story will be complete in fifty weekly petticoats."

A young man, becoming engaged recently, was desirous of presenting his intended with a ring appropriately inscribed; but being at a loss what to have engraved on it, called upon his father for advice. "Well," said the old man, "put on—When this you see remember *me*." The young lady was much surprised a few days after at receiving a beautiful ring, with this inscription: "When this you see remember *father*."

A Washington schoolboy has a grievance and writes about it to the *Star* thus: "When a boy goes to school in the morning and Forgets to Sharpen his Pencil, Why then of Course he Hast to do it in School An i. he dos his teacher Takes his Knife away from him. Then he goes hom An tels his Father and he makes a fus. But he never gets his Knife."

Two rustics came into a village telegraph office to send a dispatch. As they left the office the gong of an adjacent hotel sounded for tea. Whereupon one of the pair went into the air several feet, exclaiming, "By Jerusalem! there it goes, Jim!"

"Don't you think my son resembles me?" asked an apothecary, as he introduced his greasy-faced boy to the witty Dr. H——. "Yes," replied the doctor, pretending to scan the physiognomy of each; "yes, I think I see your liniments in his countenance."

A Philosophical individual who suddenly slipped down upon a slippery sidewalk in Milwaukee, disarmed the usual ridicule incident to accidents of that character, by coolly taking a cigar out of his pocket and lighting it before getting up.

Cadet Smith's real offence at West Point is the simple fact that he is a black-Smith. All the other charges go for 0.

King Charles II. once said to John Milton: "Do you not think that your blindness is a judgment upon you for having written in defense of my father's murderer?" "Sir," answered the poet, "it is true that I have lost my eyes; but if all calamitous providences are to be considered as judgments, your Majesty must recollect that your royal father *lost his head!*"

In the latter part of October magnificent displays of the Aurora Borealis were seen in England, and attracted much attention. A correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who passed through a small village on the occasion of one of these displays, says that it was mistaken for the light of the burning of Paris. "There is France for you," said one of the villagers, as he approached him. Another exclaimed, "Gad, how it blazes!" "They's a getting it hunder now," said another, and so on throughout the place.


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# FINANCIAL.

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OF THE

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We offer for sale at par and accrued interest the First Mortgage Land Grant Gold Bonds of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company. They are free from United States Tax, and are issued of the following denominations: Coupons, $100 $500, and $1,000; Registered $100, $500, $1,000 $5 000 and $10,000.

With the same entire confidence with which we commended Government bonds to Capitalists and People, we now, after the fullest investigation, recommend these Northern Pacific Railroad bonds to our friends and the general public.

**GOLD PAYMENT.**—Both principal and interest are payable in American gold coin, at the office of Jay Cooke & Co., New York city—the principal at the end of 30 years, and the interest (at the rate of seven and three-tenths per cent. per annum) half yearly, first of January and July.

**PERFECT SAFETY.**—The bonds we are now selling, are secured by a first and only mortgage on all the property and rights of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, which will embrace on the completion of the work:

1. Over two Two Thousand Miles of Road, with rolling stock, buildings and all other equipments.

2. Over Twenty-two Thousand Acres of Land to every mile of finished road. This land, agricultural, timbered and mineral, amounting in all to more than Fifty Million Acres, consists of alternate sections, reaching twenty to forty miles on each side of the track, and extending in a broad fertile belt from Wisconsin through the richest portions of Minnesota, Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Oregon, and Washington, to Puget Sound.

While the Government does not directly guarantee the bonds of the Road, it thus amply provides for their full and prompt payment by an unreserved grant of land, the most valuable ever conferred upon a great national improvement.

**THE MORTGAGE.**—The trustees under the Mortgage, are Messrs. Jay Cooke of Philadelphia, and J. Edgar Thompson, President of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad Company. They will directly and permanently represent the interests of the First Mortgage bond holders, and are required to see that the *proceeds of land sales* are used in *purchasing and cancelling the bonds of the Company* if they can be bought before maturity at not more than 10 per cent premium; otherwise the Trustees are to invest the proceeds of land sales in United States Bonds or Real Estate Mortgages for the further security of Northern Pacific bondholders. Also, that they leave at all times in their control, as security, at least 500 acres of average land to every $1,000 of outstanding first mortgage bonds, besides the railroad itself and all its equipments and franchises.

**PROFITABLENESS.**—Of course nothing can be safer than the bonds of the United States, but as the Government is no longer a borrower, and as the Nation's present work is not that of preserving its existence, but that of DEVELOPING A CONTINENT, we remind those who desire to increase their income and obtain a more permanent investment, while still having a perfectly reliable security; that:

United States 5-20's at their average premium yield the present purchaser less than 5¾ per cent. gold interest. Should they be redeemed in five years and specie payments be resumed, they would really pay only 4¾ per cent., or if in three years, only 3¾ per cent, as the present premium would meanwhile be sunk.

Northern Pacific 7-30's selling at par in currency yield the investor 7 8-10 per cent. gold interest absolutely for thirty years, *free from United States tax.* $1,100 currency invested now in Northern Pacific 7-30's will yield per year in gold $80,30. Here is a difference *in annual income* of nearly *one-third*, besides a difference of 7 to 10 per cent, in principal, when both classes of bonds are redeemed.

**THE ROAD NOW BUILDING.**—Work was begun in July last on the eastern portion of the line, and the money provided, by the sale to stockholders of some six millions of the Company's bonds, to build and equip the road from Lake Superior across Minnesota to the Red River of the North—233 miles. The grading on this division is now well advanced, the iron being rapidly laid; several thousand men are at work on the line, and about the first of August next this important section of the road will be in full operation. In the meantime orders have been sent to the Pacific coast for the commencement of the work on the western end in early Spring, and thereafter the work will be pushed both eastward and westward, with as much speed as may be consistent with solidity and a wise economy.

**RECEIVABLE FOR LANDS.**—These bonds will be at all times receivable, at 10 per cent premium in payment for the Company's lands, at their lowest cash price.

**BOND

# Farm and House.

### PRAYER AND POTATOES.

An old lady sat in her old chair,
With wrinkled visage and disheveled hair,
And hunger worn features;
For days and for weeks her only fare,
As she sat in her old arm-chair,
Had been potatoes.

But now they were gone; of bad or good
Not one was left for the old lady's food
Of those potatoes,
And she sighed and said: "What shall I do?
Where shall I send, and to whom shall I go
For more potatoes?"

And she thought of the deacon over the way,
The deacon ready to worship and pray,
Whose cellar was full of potatoes,
She said: "I will send for the deacon to come;
He'll not much mind to give me some
Of such a store of potatoes."

And the deacon came over as fast as he could,
Thinking to do the old lady some good,
But never for once of potatoes.
He asked her at once what was her chief want;
And she, simple soul, expecting a grant,
Immediately answered: "Potatoes."

But the deacon's religion didn't lie that way;
He was more accustomed to preach and pray
Than to give his hoarded potatoes.
So, not hearing, of course, what the old lady said
He rose to pray with uncovered head,
But she only thought of potatoes.

He prayed for patience, goodness and grace;
But when he prayed, "Lord give her peace,"
She audibly sighed, Give potatoes.
And at the end of each prayer which he said,
He heard, or thought he heard, in its stead
The same request for potatoes.

Deacon was troubled, knew not what to do;
'Twas very embarrassing to have her act so,
And about those carnal potatoes.
So, ending his prayers, he started for home,
The door closed behind; he heard a deep groan:
"O, give to the hungry, potatoes!"

And the groan followed him all the way home,
In the midst of the night it haunted his room:
"O, give to the hungry, potatoes!"
He could bear it no longer; arose and dressed,
From his well-filled cellar taking in haste
A bag of his best potatoes.

Again he went to the widow's lone hut,
Her sleepless eyes she had not yet shut;
But there she sat in the old arm-chair,
With the same wan features, same wan air,
And entering in, he poured on the floor
A bushel or more from his goodly store
Of choicest potatoes.

The widow's heart leaped for joy,
Her face was pale and haggered no more.
"Now," said the deacon, "shall we pray?"
"Yes," said the widow, "now you may."
And he knelt him down on the sanded floor
Where he had poured out his goodly store,
And such a prayer the deacon prayed
As never before his lips essayed
No longer embarrassed, but free and full,
He poured out the voice of a liberal soul;
And the widow responded a loud "amen!"
But said no more of potatoes.

And would you hear this simple tale,
Pray for the poor, and praying prevail?
Then preface your prayer with alms and good deeds:
Search out the poor, their wants and needs;
Pray for their peace and grace, spiritual food,
For wisdom and guidance—all these are good;
But don't forget the potatoes!

### Beekeeping Matters.

The New York *Tribune* gives the following as the substance of what Mrs. A. Tupper said in reply to questions which were put to her at a late beekeepers' convention at Des Moines, Iowa:

Beekeeping is peculiarly adapted to woman, as she will give more attention to very essential details than man. Italian queens impreve in this country. The test of an Italian queen is the peculiar mark imparted to her brood. Italian bees are the most industrious workers, starting in the morning an hour earlier than the black bee; they will make one-third more trips in a day than black bees. Heart's ease or smartweed is the best food for bees; when feed is scarce it would pay to furnish Alsike clover for food. Bees must have access to water. Raising queens in any but the natural way causes a depreciation of both brood and queens.

In dividing colonies, secure the young queen for the new hive. It to save honey is not the object, two hives can be made out of one colony each summer. Do not divide before the first week in May, and not then unless the evenings are warm. Leave most of the young bees in the old hive. Avoid having workers enough in the new hive to fill the cells before the new queens begins to lay. Do the changing in the middle of a warm, sunny day, as then most of the stout, able-bodied stingers are absent in the fields.

Do not believe in forcing and feeding bees. Bees brought out prematurely by artificial means will not be strong, and never live to make honey. I winter my bees in a large, dry cellar, kept perfectly dark. Do not regulate the temperature. The cellar should be cold enough to keep the bees in a semi-torpid state. Put them in the cellar in December, and let them remain until spring. The hives should have holes, that the bees may come out, so that they will not become restless and discontented. Take no extra pains to ventilate the cellar. Out of 100 colonies kept in this way, I do not have a pint of dead bees in the spring. I prefer in-doors wintering to out-door. One colony wintered out will consume thirty pounds of honey, while one wintered in-doors will eat 5½ pounds. Bees wintered in-doors are as healthy in the spring as when put in the cellar.

### Cheap and Good Smoke House.

A western New York farmer publishes his plan of a small, cheap and good smoke house, which, as it may contain some practical hints for our readers, we append:

"No farmer should be without a good smoke house, and such a one as will be fire proof and tolerably secure from thieves. Fifty hams can be smoked at one time in a smoke house seven by eight feet square. Mine is six by seven, and is large enough for most farmers. I first dug all the ground out below where the frost would reach, and filled it up to the surface with small stones. On this I laid my brick floor, in lime mortar. The walls are brick, eight inches thick and seven feet high, with a door on one side two feet wide. The door should be made of wood and lined with sheet iron. For the top I put on joists, two by four, set up edgewise, and eight and a half inches from centre to centre, covered with brick, and put on a heavy coat of mortar. I built a small chimney on the top in the centre, arching it over and covering it with a single roof in the usual way. An arch should be built on the outside, with a small iron door to shut it up, similar to a stove door, with a hole from the arch through the wall of the smoke house, and an iron gate over it. The arch is much more convenient and better to put fire in, than to build a fire inside the smoke house, and the chimney causes a draft through into the smoke house. Good corn cobs or hickory wood are the best materials to make a smoke for hams. The cost of such a smoke house as I describe is about $20.

### Farmers' Sociables.

From the Maine Farmer.

"All work and no play make Jack a dull boy."

This is just as true in regard to men and women, "Children of a larger growth," who quite as much need their seasons of relaxation and mental exhilaration. All need a good time, a spiritual banquet once in a while, and when associated so as to promote worthy objects, is killing two birds with one stone.

I accepted an invitation to be present and make a bit of a speech at a farmers' festival which came off at Bristol last month on the occasion of the annual election of officers of the large and flourishing farmers' club there. The entertainment was got up in superb style by the ladies connected with the club. Roast turkey, the nicest home-made jellies, cakes, pies, fruits, fragrant Java coffee with plenty of cream and sugar, was provided for several hundred, who partook in a thanksgiving and happy spirit. Much good cheer and brotherly love was manifested and the spirit of co-working in the good cause of promoting agricultural interests was visibly and happily promoted. The club has a numerous list of paying members and zealous officers whose names have been recently published in your columns. There are those who are continually croaking and making much lugubrious talk about our noble State in an agricultural view. Their influence should be shunned as elpposed to the best good and interests of all classes.

The spirit of improvement and inquiry developed by our agricultural clubs are producing good results which are plainly visible where located.

### Turning Stock on Pastures.

It is now the middle of March. It cannot be long, and if we have as early a spring as seems probable, it will be but a very short time, even in the Northwest, until grass will have made a perceptible growth and the pastures will begin to look green. There is always a temptation, and especially if other feed is not plentiful, to turn all kinds of stock out at the earliest practicable moment. We do not think this is wise. The animals are eager for the grass, but they often only get a scant supply, while it is sufficient to give them a distaste for their winter food; and what grass they do get is often obtained at the expense of much travel, over muddy fields.

Certainly for the pastures this plan is bad. The trampling of the animals while the soil is wet, is injurious, as is the close cropping.

We think it better to keep the stock in their winter quarters, until the weather has settled, the soil become reasonably dry, and the grass made a fair growth. The change from dry to green feed should not be made at once; some of the former should be continued after the stock is turned to grass, and it is also best not to allow them to remain all day in the pastures, at the very first.

### The Advantages of Fattening Spring Pigs.

The *American Stock Journal* says:—"Pigs well fed should gain from one to one and a half pounds a day, and weigh from 250 to 400 pounds when from eight to nine months, it making them the cheapest pork the farmer can raise."—To make pigs weigh over 150 pounds at eight months old, it not only requires the best of varied feeding, with plenty of skimmed milk to begin with, but the pig must be of the best breed, from a very thrifty sow that has been well kept all through the year, and bountifully fed after she has farrowed. So Harris says in his very instructive book on pigs; that even the Chester Whites, or the Cheshires, may be so deteriorated by neglect or short feeding, as not to breed true; and the pigs of a sow that has been starved half the year, and half fed during gestation, will be puny, slow growing pigs with the best of subsequent good feeding. The writer well says: "Spring pigs should not be fed through the summer on corn meal, but on a mixture of ground grain, pea meal and shorts, with the slops of the house and sour milk, vegetables and weeds, and never feed them more than they will eat up clean." Boiled corn meal from old corn is the most economical fattener, but when fed in summer it not only cloys, but often produces ulcerated livers. He says that the fattening is at best a diseased process, and as soon as the proper amount of fat is laid on, the animal should be at once slaughtered.—*S. W. in Am. Farmer.*

### Care of Live Stock.

Care should be taken to keep up the condition of live stock of every kind, so as to bring them through the winter and early spring months successfully. Horses and working oxen even require additional care and increase of food, to strengthen them for the spring work which is now at hand. Breeding animals of every kind should be kindly and generously treated and kept separate from other stock. When brood mares are underfed and over-worked, the result of such treatment will be seen in their progeny. If strong, healthy, thrifty young stock of any kind are required, their dams must be properly cared for, and well fed during gestation. The most successful breeders of stock take extraordinary care of breeding animals, and keep none but such as are best adapted for this purpose. Breeding ewes and young lambs require great care at this season.—When suffering from costiveness occasioned by dry, heating food, sows sometimes devour their offspring; this evil may be prevented by soft, cooling food. Provender of every kind should be prepared in the most economical way, so that it will be effective without waste.—Hay, straw and corn-stalks, should be chopped and steamed, roots sliced or pulped, and corn, oats, and barley, crushed or ground. Cooked food is very valuable in some instances.

THE BEST LAWN GRASS.—Mr. Barry said in his address before the Western New York Horticultural Society, that red top is the best grass for a lawn, about fifty or sixty pounds to the acre. Fifty pounds will be sufficient if the seed be clean and good, which it seldom is. Some people recommend white clover, say one-fourth, to be mixed with red top, and this does very well, but I prefer the pure red top. Early in the spring is the best time for seeding a lawn. All preparatory work should be performed in the fall, so that during the winter the ground may settle, and any defects that may be developed can be corrected before sowing. In spring, at the fitting moment, give a light ploughing, a good harrowing, pick off all the stones, sow the seed, and give it a good rolling, which finishes the work. By sowing early in the spring, you may have a respectable lawn before midsummer.

### Domestic Economy.

AN OYSTER STEW.—I have seen nothing in the "Woman's Department" about cooking oysters, and as I think they are extremely nice and wholesome cooked in this way and should be used more than they are for the health of children if for no other reason, I will tell you my way to make a stew, I set a kettle in the front part of the stove, put two quarts of water in it, then take a six quart milk pan, set it on the kettle, put in the pan two quarts of milk, when it is scalding hot put in the oysters, a piece of butter and stir it until it boils. Let it set on the table for three minutes before dishing out. Have pepper salt, pickles and crackers on the table for each one to use as they like. The faster the kettle boils the sooner the stew will be done.—*R. G. Bunnel.*

Another correspondent, who signs herself "V. Greene," sends the following which she calls "Mince Pie without Meat," and we leave our readers to take their choice: "Take three large crackers broke up fine, put them in 2 cups hot water; then add 1 cup molasses, 1 of sugar, ½ cup butter, ½ cup vinegar, 2 eggs well beaten, 1 cup chopped raisins. Spice as for any mince pie. The above is sufficient for three large pies."

"OLD FASHIONED CHICKEN PIE."—Cut the chicken into pieces as for fricassee. Put it into a stew pan, with pork enough to season; cover with water and boil until done. Make a paste as for any pie, roll out quite thick, and line a deep dish. Then put in the chicken (having taken out the large bones,) the gravy in which it was boiled, some pepper, some small pieces of butter, and if you please a cup of cream. Cover with a crust and bake about an hour. It is better to cook the chicken the day before you bake the pie, as the warm gravy is apt to soak into the crust. I have made pies in this way many years and know them to be good.

JELLY CAKE.—Wash in two or three waters 1 one tea-cupful of butter. After getting all the water off, cream it thoroughly, and add slowly 2½ cupfuls of white sugar; cream all well together; then the yolks of 3 eggs well beaten into it; 1 tea-cupful of milk, in which a teaspoonful of sody has been dissolved; stir 2 tea-spoonfuls of cream of tartar into 4 cupfuls of flower—it must be *well mixed* into the flour; add the peaten whites and flour alternately; bake in jelly-tins in a quick oven. This quantity will make four good sized cakes for jelly and a small cake for a round pan. Into the batter you bake as a round cake add oil of almonds to flavor it, but do not put any in that you bake in the jelly-tins; when nearly or quite cold spread jelly over the top of one cake, place another over it, jelly on this, until the cakes are all arranged. The top cake should not have jelly on it, but an egg will make sufficient icing to tover the top and sides and makes a very pretty finish.

GOOD YEAST.—A small handful of hops bolted in a quart of water. With it boil until done, five medium-sized potatoes, pared. Now make them smooth with 1½ pint of flour. Pour in the water strained from the hops. Stir this until it is a thin batter, adding hot water if too thick. Let it stand until little more than milk-warm, then add a teacupful of good brewer's yeast. Let it stand in a warm place eight or ten hours, when add a table spoonful of salt and two of white sugar. Mix well, set it away in a stone jar or jug, and it is ready for use.

WASHING FLUID.—The following has been tested for more than 5 years with perfect satisfaction. Dissolve 1½ lbs. of washing soda, and ½ lb. of borax in a gallon of water by boiling. When the solution is cold, add ½ teacupful of aqua ammonia (spirits of hartshorn,) and put it up in well corked bottles. Use a cupful to each pailful of water in washing.

TO CLEANSE MUSTY BARRELS OR CASKS.—Put a quarter of a peck of unslacked lime in the bung hole of the barrel, into which pour a gallon or two of boiling water to slack the lime, then put in the bung and shake the cask well so that the contents of it will come in contact with all the inside. Let it stand a day or two, after which rinse out well with plenty of cold water. If the barrel or cask is still musty, the same operation must be repeated.

FRUIT JARS FOR MINCE-MEAT.—A new idea for the use of fruit jars has come out this season, viz: for preserving the mince for mince pies. This is now put up in large quantities for market. From a lady in Massachusetts who has done it successfully for two seasons, we receive the following directions: "After the mince is prepared for the pies, place it upon the stove, allowing it to heat gradually for half an hour. Heat the jars and fill while the mince and jars are both hot; then seal immediately. This will keep in the same manner as fruit."

PUDDING FOR INVALIDS.—The following makes a simple as well as palatable pudding for invalids, and I do not think any one would refuse a plate of it served with sweet cream and sugar:—Take of tapioca one cupful, and three good sized sour apples; wash the tapioca and pare and slice the apples; place in a deep dish alternately a layer of tapioca and apple; then add sufficient water to cover the whole, and set in a warm place until the tapioca is swelled sufficiently; then bake three quarters of an hour in a moderately hot oven.

TO COLOR SCARLET.—I send you the following in answer to a correspondent's inquiry: 1 oz. cochineal, 1 oz. cream of tartar, 1 oz. muriate of tin, for one pound of woolen goods. Thoroughly pulverize the cochineal by pounding. Put two pails of soft water in a brass or porcelain kettle. Have the cochineal in a bag, and while the water is coming to a boil, squeeze it out with the hands, then add the other ingredients, put in the goods and let them boil one hour, constantly stirring.

CRACKER MINCE PIE.—Take six crackers and pound them, (not too fine) add one cup of sugar, one of molasses, one of butter one of raisins, one of vinegar and one of water, two eggs and spice to taste with cloves nutmeg, &c. Mix well. This will make two good pies.

BEEF STEAK PIE.—Broil your steak and season as for the table. Then place it, together with the gravy in a kettle, and add water sufficient to keep it from burning. Let it simmer slowly until perfectly tender. Then line a deep dish with pastry as for a chicken pie and lay in half of your steak, adding butter and seasoning if necessary, then a thin layer of paste and the rest of the steak on top of this. Put in as much of the gravy as it will admit and cover the whole closely with paste, giving it a vent in the centre of the pie. This is a good way to use any pieces of steak left from the table.

CHICKEN TERRAPIN.—Boil one good sized chicken until it is perfectly done; pull the meat off the bones in small pieces and put it into a pan with one tea-cupful of boiling water; stir until entirely smooth ¼ of a pound of butter, one teaspoonful of flour, the yolks of two eggs; stir this mixture into the chicken, a small portion at a time, mixing it well through; salt and pepper to taste; let it simmer a few minutes, stirring all the time. When ready to take up add not quite ¼ a gill of Madera wine. Send hot to the table.

GINGER CAKE.—Three pounds of flour, one of sugar, (brown is better) one of butter rubbed in very fine, two ounces of ginger, a little nutmeg, one pint of molasses, and one gill of cream. Work well together, and bake in a slack oven.

BISCUIT FOR TEA—SUPERIOR.—Boil until done 2 potatoes, peel and grate them; add to them 2 teaspoonfuls of brown sugar, and sufficient boiling water to soften them; when tepid add 1 small teacupful of yeast; as soon as light, warm 3 ounces of butter in 1 pint of milk, a little salt, and sufficient flour to make a stiff dough or sponge. When they have risen work on a board; put the mass back again to rise; when light make into cakes; let them stand in the pan half an hour. Bake in a quick oven.

Cracked dishes, says the *Journal of Chemistry*, absorb oils and fats from the various kinds of food put into them. These fats soon become decomposed in the pores of the dish, and no amount of cleansing can remove the nauseating and poisonous deposit. The peculiarly unpleasant taste sometimes noticed in pie-crust is caused by baking it upon old cracked dishes, from which it absorbs the rancid fat left by former bakings.

A medical journal says that the yolk of a hard boiled egg, rubbed with enough pure glycerine to make a salve of the right consistence, is an ointment of superior efficacy for sore nipples, chapped lips, and similar irritable conditions of the skin.

## EUROPEAN NEWS.

### Napoleon Arrived in England.

LONDON, March 20.—Emperor Napoleon left Wilhelmshohe, Sunday, for England. He was escorted to the railroad station at Carsel by the Guard of Honor, composed of two companies of the 83d Prussian Regiment. Emperor Napoleon arrived at Dover at 10 o'clock this evening. Immense crowds were waiting at the stage landing, including a large number of French refugees who cheered enthusiastically as he made his appearance on the dock.

### The Revolution Extending.

It is thought the revolutionary movement now in progress in Paris will extend to Marseilles and Lyons, and even to Bordeaux.

### Death of Lecomte and Thomas.

The murder of Lecomte and Thomas was perpetrated by Ricciotti Garibaldi, who directs the insurrection. They were shot in a garden in the Rue des Rosieres. Thomas resisted vigorously, but Garibaldi ordered him to be held against a wall while his body was riddled with bullets. Lecomte died with the utmost coolness, smoking a cigar and refusing a bandage over his eyes. Many other executions have occurred.

### Paris Full of Bonapartists.

The Prussians at St. Dennis will enter Paris if the garrison is increased beyond 40,000. The city is full of Bonapartist agent. I have seen Chevreau, Conti, Bouhl and Regnier.

### They Furnish the Insurgents Money.

The insurgents for some days past have received five francs daily, which is supposed to be furnished by these agents.

### Slave Insurrection Apprehended in Brazil.

RIO JANEIRO, Feb. 22.—It has recently been discovered in the province of Minas Geras that a combination existed among the slaves whose object was the obtaining of their liberty by force. Fortunately, before the arrangements for the projected insurrection were matured the plot was discovered and some thirty ring-leaders have been arrested, thus stopping the perilous movement for the present.

The Anglo Brazilian Times says that it is greatly to be feared that the intended insurrection, though abortive, is ominous, indicating that the beginning of the end is rapidly approaching to us, for it has in truth been utterly impossible to conceal from the slaves of the Empire the fact that only in Brazil, on the American continent, are any human beings held in bondage.

WHAT THE NATIONAL GUARD DEMANDS

PARIS, March 21.—An insurrectionary official journal urges the National Guard to exercise a vigilant watch for the criminals attempting to re-enter Paris. The payment of the National Guards regularly and distribution of alms to the needy has been resumed. A proclamation signed by General Dural and dated simply Paris demands the election of a Mayor of Paris, with Deputy Mayors in all the arrandissements.

The proclamation says it is not the intention of the Nationals to separate Paris from France, but only from the Empire and government of the National Defence and from their measures of treason and cowardice, and concludes with an appeal to the people to sustain themselves as we are doing and follow our example in the approaching oppression. The decree postpones the maturity of commercial bills and prohibits landlords from expelling lodgers for non-payment of rent till the issuance of the fresh order.

The insurrectionary central committee has decided to respect the conditions of peace but considers it just that the largest portion of the indemnity should fall upon the authors of the war, many of the Nationals met last night and adopted resolutions for mutual protection and maintenance.

The Siecle urges upon each battalion of the army to take possession of its own quarter, and says if this is done the rising will be promptly repressed, and probably without bloodshed.

Paris is quiet; cabs have resumed their trips, the theatres are open, and Railway trains from Paris to Versailles run regularly. The situation in Montmartre and Belleville, however, is unchanged. All business and labor is stopped and there are frequent night alarms, in which tocsin and drums are sounded and cannon fired and the Montmartreists rush to arms, fearing an attack from 60,000 troops at Versailles.

The Official Journal says the hour has arrived when the common people of capital can save the country and appeals to Bourgais for support in the emergency of insurrectionary. The Official Journal says, in the extinustion of the execution of General Lecomte, that he had four times ordered his troops to fire upon a crowd of unoffensive women. General Thomas, says the Journal, was in plain clothes sketching fortifications of Montmartre.

## DOMESTIC NEWS.

### The Bituminous Miners Speak—They Oppose the Repeal of the Duty on Coal—The Anthracite Strikers Yielding.

JOHNSTOWN, (Pa.,) March 20.—A large number of miners have published a card denying that the miners have united with the Workingmen's Union Benevolent Association of the anthracite regions, and elected officers. They say: "We have no idea of abandoning our organization which we control, to put ourselves under a foreign organization controlled by strangers. We have had steady work for the last fifteen years and want to have the same in the future. We fear that the strike in the anthracite region may cause the repeal of the duty on bituminous coal, which will injure the miners of this region and of the whole country.

POTTSVILLE, March 22.—Advices received from the Lucerne and Lehigh regions represent the men as unwilling to continue the strike, and there is much dissatisfaction among them.

LADIES ON THE GRAND JURY—AN INDIAN CONVICTED OF MURDER.

CHEYENNE, March, 23.—The District Court met yesterday, chief Justice Howe presiding four Ladies among the Jurors. John Boyer, a half-breed Sioux Indian who murdered two men near Fort Laramie last october, was found guilty and sentenced by the Judge to be hung on the twenty first of April.

BAEZ WANTS $100,000—COST OF THE EXPEDITION.

The Tribune's correspondent writes that there has been some earnest and emphatic debate regarding the report among the Commissioners in regard to matters of detail, but the substantial points are agreed to and they look to annexation. He adds that there will be nothing in the report which has not been already published, except a full tabular statement of the public debt of San Domingo, and all facts on the boundary question.

Mr. Wade calls Cabral a chicken-thief and says it was unnecessary to see him, that it makes no difference if he is opposed to annexation. Mr. Howe was in favor of delaying the expedition at Port au Prince until Cabral could be seen. Gen. Baez has filed a claim with the Commission for a personal indemnity of nearly $100,000 for destruction of property, &c., which he insists must be paid if annexation occurs. He is willing to accept the old treaty. The Commissioners will all visit Washington as soon as they return. The expenses of the expedition thus far have been about $10,000, exclusive of the ship's expenses.

### Further Developments in the Cheney Case.

CHICAGO, March 21.—New complications, it is promised, will soon be developed in the Whitehouse-Cheney case. Mr. Cheney is still officiating as rector of Christ Church, although he has been suspended by an ecclesiastical court. It is now said that there is a division of sentiment in his church in his case and that there will be an election of vestry at Easter.

Those in the church who dissent from Mr. Cheney will hold a separate election and elect a ticket of like sentiment, who will transfer the church property to the charge of the Bishop. It has also been rumored that Mr. Cheney will soon be called before an ecclesiastical court to show the cause why he should not be deposed from the ministry.

### The Cavalry Sent to South Carolina.

WASHINGTON, March 21.—Mr. Chamberlain, Attorney General of South Carolina, had an interview with the President to-day on the subject of affording protection to the people in the upper part of the State. He represented the condition of affairs of that section, and desired to know how long the four companies of cavalry would remain there. The President replied that the troops should remain there long enough to restore peace and secure obedience, even if they should be thus employed during the remainder of his administration.

SYNOPSIS OF THE REPORT OF THE SAN DOMINGO COMMISSION.

NEW YORK, March 22.—The Times correspondent with the San Domingo Commission, writes from Key West, that Commissioner Wade finished his report on Saturday last, and submitted it to his brother Commissioners on the following morning. It begins by detailing the work of the Commission, and goes on to describe the political condition of the country. Mr. Wade takes the ground that Baez is de facto, the President of the Republic and that he is in full and peaceful possession of the government—that Cabral as mere bandit, is living in the mountain district, where he is sustained by Hayti. The people of San Domingo, Mr. Wade says, are overwhelmingly in favor of annexation. They are described as a quiet, orderly, industrious race. The charges of corruption against the United States officers in the negotiation of the treaty of 1869 are branded as villainous slanders, without a shadow of foundation. The report is favorable to annexation in every particular, it closes with the remark that "To embrace this opportunity to plant republican institutions and establish civil liberty and American civilization upon that beautiful and productive island, thus laying the groundwork of a great, free and prosperous State would add another to the achievements of our Republic worthy to rank with the great events of our history, and would be equally beneficial to the people of both countries." Dr. Howe endorses Mr. Wade's report in every essential particular. At various meetings held the subject has been thoroughly discussed. White objects to the closing paragraph of the report, but Wade is firm in his determination that it shall not be stricken out and Howe fully agrees with him and will sign it. Mr. White is writing some ideas of his own, principally historical, which he wishes to insert in the report, and which if inserted will not materially alter it. The probabilities are that Mr. White will finally agree to the latter clause and that the report will be unanimous. The report as it stands now is about four columns in length.

☞ Bishop ODENHEIMER, of New Jersey, appeals for liberal contributions in aid of the sufferers from the Franco-Prussian war as follows: "When men fight, charity can only weep; but when men suffer, charity can work as well as weep. Thank God, the war in Europe is ended; but the people of France are suffering from the results of the war, and need immediate assistance to protect them from famine and pestilence. The appeal for aid is urgent; it is independent of all nationalities; it springs out of the depth of our common humanity; and it ought to reach and stir every generous heart."

☞ The official returns of the census of the New England States show that Maine has 578,644 native and 48,807 foreign inhabitants; New Hampshire has 288,694 natives and 29,606 foreigners; Vermont has 283,559 natives and 46,993 foreigners; Massachusetts has 853,343 foreign born and 1,104,008 native population; Connecticut has 423,000 natives and 113,639 foreigners; Rhode Island 161,972 natives and 55,384 foreigners. Maine has 1,597 persons of color and 29 Indians; New Hampshire, 590 colored and 14 Indians; Vermont, 921 colored and 11 Indians; Massachusetts, 13,900 colored and 162 Indians; Connecticut, 9,668 colored and 235 Indians; Rhode Island, 4,960 colored and 188 Indians. Maine has one Chinaman, and Massachusetts 93 Chinamen and 4 Japanese.

☞ The Government gives to the Northern Pacific Railroad the right of way, and grounds for all buildings, and besides this donated land worth at the lowest Government price, $32,000 a mile. In the State of Ohio, where the right of way and all grounds and materials have to be purchased, the average cost of building roads is but fifty-two thousand dollars to the mile. With the easy grades of the Pacific road and the other gifts, the land grant is more than sufficient to build it.

☞ The immigration statistics show that in 1870, the number of immigrants was nearly 100,000 less than during the preceding year, the falling off being largely in Germans and Scandinavians. This year the prospect is of a large German and French emigration to this country, the desolation of war and the enhanced cost of living following a great war, tending to drive away in search of better fortunes, a large proportion of those who are able to get away. Let them come.

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## DOMESTIC NEWS.

### Message from the President on the Condition of the South—Forney Confirmed as Collector.

WASHINGTON, March 23.—The President sent the following message to Congress to-day:

*To the Senate and House of Representatives:*

A condition of affairs now exists in some of the States of the Union rendering life and property insecure, and the carrying of mails and collection of revenue dangerous. Proof that such a state of affairs exists in some localities, is now before the Senate. That the power to correct these evils is beyond the control of the State authorities; I do not doubt; but that the power of the Executive of the United States, acting within the limits of existing laws, is sufficient for the present emergency, is not clear. Therefore I urgently recommend such legislation as in the judgment of Congress shall effectually secure life, liberty and property in all sections of the United States. It may be expedient to provide that such law as shall be passed in pursuance of this recommendation shall expire at the end of the next session of Congress.

There is no other subject on which I would recommend legislation during the present session. U. S. GRANT.

The Senate this afternoon confirmed J. W. Forney as Collector of the port of Philadelphia, and Orville Brown as postmaster at Mankato, Minn. Richard Crowley was confirmed as Attorney for the Northern District of New York.

WASHINGTON, March 24.—Colonel Huggins, of Aberdeen, Miss., Assistant United States Assessor of Internal Revenue, arrived in this city last evening. He reports that he was seized while making assessments in his district, Monroe county, Miss., by a band of disguised men and severely horse-whipped and ordered to leave the country at once.

Colonel Huggins has seen Commissioner Pleasanton and Secretary Boutwell and has been assured that he and other officers shall be protected at any cost.

Since his arrival here he has received a letter from Aberdeen stating that the schools are being broke up and that a number of teachers are now at Aberdeen for protection.

Other United States officers are ordered to leave the State under penalty of being dealt with in the same manner.

Seven members of the South Carolina Legislature, all colored, have just arrived here on business connected with recent disturbances in that State.

### SENATOR SUMNER'S SPEECH.

WATHINGTON, March 27.—As early as 11 o'clock this morning, the galleries of the Senate were densely crowded by occupants attracted thither to hear Senator Sumner speak. Many were unable to obtain even standing room. At the doors there were unusually large numbers of privileged persons on the floor. Senator Sumner commenced speaking as soon as was practicable after the Senate was called to order. In his opening paragraph. He definitely asserts that it is now an evidence before the Senate, that the navy of the United States, acting under orders from Washington, has been engaged in measures of violence and of belligerent intervention, being war without the authority of Congress. The whole business, he adds, is aggravated when it is considered that the declared object of this violence is the acquisition of foreign territory, being halt an island in the Caribean sea and still further that this violence has been employed, first, to prop and maintain a weak ruler, himself a usurper, upholding him in power that he might sell his country, and, secondly, it has been employed to menace the black Republic of Hayti Such a case, Mr. Sumner continues, is too grave for silence. For the sake of the navy, the administration of Republican institutions, and for the sake of the Republican party, which cannot afford to become responsible for such conconduct, the case must not pass without inquiry, but beyond all these considerations is the commanding rule of justice, and the evidence shows too clearly that measures have been employed for the acquisition of San Domingo which could not be justified. The Senator then characterized Baez and Grant as co partners in the melancholy affair, and carefully reviewed the history of the former, and his unscrupulous usurpation, recites the origin of the scheme for annexing the half island, and arraigned the President for usurping the war and treaty powers of Congress and violating the internal laws and Constitution of the United States. In the evidence adduced, he confines himself carefully to public documents, reports and official communications to the Senate.

### SUBTERRANEAN LAKE.

#### A Great Natural Curiosity in Lancaster County, Pa.

A correspondent of the Lancaster, Pa., *Express* furnishes the following account of an underground lake in the southern part of Lancaster county:

About eight miles south of Lancaster city, near Pequea valley, on the farm of Jacob Good, in Pequea township, is a cave which was formerly known by the name of "Bosler's Hole." This place has been frequently visited by persons who described it as one of great interest and curiosity, not alone for its geological features, but also for a subterranean lake of clear, sparkling water, having neither inlet nor outlet, imbedded in the solid limestone rock, which it was said to contain. It is also said that in the lake were fishes devoid of eyes, and that the depth of this body of water had never been fathomed, being beyond the reach of the sounding line. On Saturday last a party from Willow street, headed by M. W. Harnish, Jr., left early in the morning for the cave, taking with them torches, tar poles, ropes, hatchets, &c., fully resolved to make a thorough exploration of the cave and a careful investigation of its contents, which had not before been accomplished. After approaching the place the party examined the adjacent grounds and the hill in which the cavern is situated, in order to find a stream or subterraneous passage of water that might possibly communicate with or have access to the lake existing within the cave. After a prolonged and diligent search the party did not succeed in finding one. They now went to the cave, which opens at the top of a hill, the hole being tunnel-shaped, or similar to the crater of a volcano. Ladders were suspended to the bottom by the aid of ropes. The first distance from the surface of the ground to where the limestone rock commences is thirty feet, where the cavity contracts and assumes the figure of a paraliciogram, being about two feet wide and eight feet long. From this point to the first offset in the cave is twenty feet more, or a perpendicular descent of fifty feet from the surface of the first offset. From here to the surface of the water is twenty feet more, in a gradual descent. Moving back about twenty feet you come to the edge of the lake, which is forty feet wide and sixty to seventy feet in length. Material was procured and a flat constructed in order to explore the lake and sound its greatest depth, which was thirty-five feet. The water is cold, clear and sparkling, a sample of which was taken to the city for analysis. The water is perfectly quiet, and has apparently no inlet or outlet. There are some kinds of fishes or animals in the lake, but the party were not prepared to secure any of them, and hence were obliged to postpone it till some future day. The cave is from seventy to seventy-five feet long, fifty to sixty wide, and from forty to fifty in height. There is a firm arch of solid limestone overhead as well as on all sides, and it appears as it it had been shaped and fashioned by some plastic hand.

A dentist's office is not improperly called his drawing room.

## To Correspondents.

The story, "*Was She Right or Wrong?*" increases in interest in the present number, and will continue to do so as it progresses. It will amply make good our promise of being one of the best stories of the year, and will give its brilliant author a still higher position among the writers of the day.

G. A. EVANS, Walla Walla, Washington Territory, writes as follows:—"Seeing a good deal in the BLADE in regard to information referring to homesteads, I would like to know whether the improvements on a homestead are liable to taxation or not? We, here in Washington Territory, have been taxed as much for our improvements as if we had a deed for the land. Please let me know through the BLADE and you will confer a great favor on an old subscriber."—Lands located under the Homestead Law are not subject to taxation while the title remains with the United States. As to whether improvements on such lands are taxable is a question of State or Territorial law. We think they are generally, if not always, regarded as taxable.

MRS. A., Medford, Minn., asks:—"Will you have the kindness to inform through your Answers to Correspondents, what will remove the finger marks from highly polished articles of wood without injuring them?"—Drop a very small quantity of sweet oil upon a piece of chamois leather, and rub the article with this briskly for a few minutes; then take another perfectly clean piece of chamois leather and rub with that, and all the marks, unless they are scratches, will disappear, and the polish will be as fine as when new.

A. G. SOUTH Monterey, Ohio.—You can get the Cassabar melon seeds by writing to PHELPS & REYNOLDS, Rochester, N. Y.

READER, Jefferson, Ind., writes as follows:—"Having passed twenty years of my life without ever studying mental arithmetic I now see the necessity of doing so, and apply to you for advice as to what book to get, where it can be procured and its cost. Please answer through your Correspondents Column, and oblige."—At any good book store you can find works on mental arithmetic which at your age you ought to be able to master rapidly without the assistance of a teacher.

R. L. S.—To get a traveling agency write to parties who advertise for agents, but be careful you are not taken in by swindlers. W. E. BLISS & Co., of Toledo, are honorable and reliable. We do not employ traveling agents for the BLADE. If we did there would, in less than a week, a hundred rascals setting themselves up as our agents, and collecting money for which they would fail to render any account.

ALICE, Nicholville, N. Y., asks the meaning of turned-down calling cards. Where the custom prevails the meaning is as follows: If the upper left-hand corner of a card is folded over, it signifies than ordinary call is made; the upper right-hand corner turned down denotes a visit of congratulation; the lower left-hand means a parting call; and the lower right-hand condolence.

M. H., Port Clinton, Ohio.—To get a Chaplaincy in the Regular army make application through your member of Congress to the Secretary of War, and back up the application with the strongest testimonials you can get. If your Representative will take an active interest in your success, so much the better. But we are tempted to ask why you want that position? If you honestly think yourself called to the ministry, you are certainly called to do all the good you can, and the field for usefulness in the regular ministerial work is vastly larger than it would be as chaplain of a Regiment. If you want it because the pay is better than you are getting now, you had better quit the ministry altogether and engage in some business pursuit. With ordinary capacity you can make a good deal more money in that way than your salary as a Chaplain would be. Perhaps this is none of our business, but these thoughts occurred to us and we have written them down.

B. WILSON, Rockland, N. Y., writes:

"Please imform me what day of the week and month the battle of Fair Oaks was fought on. Please answer through Answers to Correspondents in the BLADE. There is a dispute here among our 'boys' as to the day."

It was fought on Saturday, May 31st, 1862.

GEO. S. HUNTER, Shell Rock Falls, Iowa, writes as follows:—"Are you right in your answers to soldier correspondents, when you state that they cannot take a homestead again, having once taken one but forfeited the same by not occupying it? I know that your statement is in accord with the decision of the Land Offices; and perhaps with that of the Secretary of the Interior, but are they the only judges in the matter, and could they dispossess one in case he made a second entry? There must be some remedy in the Supreme Court or some other court. That would be a little ahead even of the decision of the Secretary of the Interior. The law says, if I remember right: "Provided, that no one shall acquire a title to more than 160 acres under the provisions of this act." Clearly, one does not acquire a title till they have made their final payment. So I see nothing to prevent one from making a second entry, provided he forfeited the first, except the stupid decision of some official. Neither can I see any injustice in it, for the government makes $10 in every such case and the Registers and Receivers got their pay and in most cases, $2 more than they were entitled to. By the way, would it not be well for you to expose that petty steal of two dollars for making out the applications, when our good uncle furnishes the blanks gratis. And here is just one word of advice: No homestead entry should be made without a personol inspection. I was in St. Peters, Minn., when a Mr. Conway was perambulating around the country on government transportation, making entries for the soldiers, but few of which he had seen in person, or could tell whether they were in a duck pond or not."—Our answers to these questions have been in accordance with the decisions of the Interior Department.—Of course, if some one were to carry the case up to the Supreme Court, and the decision should then be different from that of the Interior Department that decision would thenceforth be the law. As it is now, one can not take a second homestead because the application requires him to swear that he has not heretofore had the benefit of the act. We agree with our correspondent, that every man who takes a homestead, should either see it himself or have some one in whom he has confidence see it for him. Going it blind is not a good way in this business.

H. H. HARLOW, Landgrove, Vermont.—We have sent the papers you requested and hope their influence will be for good.

POWHATAN, Belmont County, Ohio, asks:—"Is printer's ink very injurious to the *stomach?* Or would the quantity which is on a piece of printed paper the size of a quarter of a dollar, if swallowed, produce much harm? I don't mean to try the experiment, but ask the question to settle a point in dispute."—We would not fancy printer's ink as an article of diet, but the small quantity you name wouldn't hurt anybody.

JOHN M. FREEMAN, East Rushcreek, Ohio.—You are certainly entitled to a Post Office and we hope you'll get one. Get up a petition stating the facts in the case, get as many signatures to it as you can and forward it to your Congressman, asking him to use his influence in your favor. If he will do so right earnestly we think you'll get it.

J. C. R., Smithland, Iowa.—A soldier who has taken an eighty acre homestead can not, under the law as it stands, take any more, but a bill is now pending in Congress, which we think will pass, allowing such soldiers to take eighty acres additional. This bill, however, requires this additional eighty to be adjoining the first, which we think will in many cases defeat the object of the bill, as the soldier may not be able to find that much land untaken adjoining his homestead. We have written to several members of Congress on the subject, and hope to succeed in having the bill so amended as to allow the additional land to be taken anywhere.

H. D. G., Mt. Union, Ohio.—We are investigating your question, and will give you the result in a week or two.

A. J. BURLINGAME, Jeffersonville, Ind.—Under the present law you would have to remain on your homestead five years before you could get a final patent, but if the new bill passes your entire term of service will be deducted from the five years, and as you served four years and three months, you would only have nine months to remain on the homestead. You can not get a duplicate discharge, and it would be of no use to you in taking a homestead. Your affidavit as to your term of service is all that is required at the Land Office.

INQUIRER, Janesville, Wis.—Messrs. HOWARD & Co., 865 Broadway, New York, deal in Waltham watches, and will send you as good a time-piece as you can find anywhere. They are perfectly responsible and you can rely on any representations they make concerning their goods.

J. W. EDWARDS, Prairie Hall, Ill., asks:—"Please answer through the columns of your paper, Where does President GRANT's father live, and what is his occupation?"—He is Post Master of the city of Covington, Ky., and resides there.

C. T. C., Bliesfield, Mich., asks:—"Please inform me through your answers to correspondents where I can obtain a copy of a work on short hand writing, and oblige."—We have recently had a number of letters asking this same question, and in answer to them all would advise an examination of *Munson's Complete Phonographer*, which can be ordered through any bookstore, price $8. It is PITMAN'S system revised and to a considerable extent simplified. It does away with the "corresponding style" common in most if not all manuals on phonography, thus teaching the student from the first the positions of words, phrase-signs, contractions, &c., requisite for reporting. The system *can* be learned from the book alone without the aid of a teacher, but the assistance of a good teacher in the start will save a good deal of time and study. One very good way to acquire the art is to go through the book once, writing all the exercises, and reading them after they are written; then review, and at the same time, if possible, open a correspondence with one who is further advanced, and who will correct mistakes. A number of correspondents have asked us how long it takes to master the art so far as to make verbatim reports. No definite answer can be given to this question, as some acquire it much more rapidly than others. About one year is perhaps the average time required to become a ready and accurate reporter. Of course some accomplish it in less time while it takes others longer.

F. G., Milford Centre, Ohio.—The humorous writings of "Sut Lovegood" were issued in book form several years ago, but we have not seen a copy for a good while, and the book is probably out of print. If it is not you may be able to get it by writing to some extensive New York publishing house, enclosing $2, which we think about the price.

J. M. REED, Darwin, Ohio, writes:—"In answers to your correspondents, please state where the Southern Pacific Railroad starts and ends, also the route or country it passes through if it is located."—The Southern Pacific Road is not definitely located yet, but the proposed route is about as follows: Starting from St. Louis and running in a south-westerly direction to the Arkansas line; thence nearly south to the middle of that State; thence south-west again, across a corner of the Indian Territory and north-western Texas to the southern line of New Mexico; thence a westerly course through that Territory, Arizona and California to the Pacific. This of course is only an outline of the route, giving its general course and the States and Territories through which it is expected to pass.

TOM. J. BRANT, Greencastle, Ind., asks the following questions: "1. What States are out of debt? 2. Who is Governor of Utah? 3. What is the name of the Surveyor-General of New Mexico?" 1st. None of the States are entirely out of debt, though Iowa comes very near it, there being but a very small amount of her indebtedness unpaid, and that is already provided for.—2nd. CHARLES DURKEE is Governor of Utah Territory, and, 3rd. BENJAMIN C. CUTLER is Surveyor-General of New Mexico.

BLADE READER, Brookfield, Ind.—Messrs. N. P. BOYER & Co., Parkesburg, Chester Co., Pa., will supply you with full-blooded Berkshire hogs. For prices, &c., you can write them.

B. F. S., New Windsor, Ill., writes as follows:—"As I have been a constant reader of your valuable paper, for the past two years, and have never asked any questions, I wish now that you would answer through your correspondent's column, the following questions, and you will confer a favor on one, if not many, of your readers:

1st. When was the Order of Freemasonry first instituted in the United States.

2d. When was the Order first started.

3d. How many Freemasons are there at the present time in the United States.

4th. Was Abraham Lincoln a Mason when he was assassinated."—1st. In 1730 an attempt was made to introduce the organization into America, by the appointment of a Provincial Grand Master for New Jersey, but there is no record of the incumbent having established any Lodge under the authority of his deputation. In 1733, however, a Lodge was opened at Boston, which was speedily followed by the organization of other Lodges in the different colonies. After the assumption of independence by the United States, the Lodges of America, all of which derived their warrants of authority originally from the Grand Lodge of England or that of Scotland, availed themselves of the privileges possessed by such bodies in all independent countries, and organized Grand Lodges in their respective States. 2d. The origin of Free Masonry is very obscure. The best authorities place its origin in the religious mysteries of the ancient world, and particularlyy in a supposed branch of those religious associations formed by the architects of Tyre, who, under the name of "Dionysiac Fraternity," constituted an association of builders exclusively engaged in the construction of temples and theatres in Asia Minor, and who were distinguised by the use of secret signs and other modes of mutual recognition. The Masonic writers place the arrival of the Dionysiacs in Asia Minor at the time of the Ionic migration, when the inhabitants of Attica were compelled to abandon their own country in search of a more fruitful soil and a more extensive territory, and suppose that the Greeks, already advanced beyond their contemporaries in knowledge of the arts and sciences, carried with them into their new territories the mysteries of Athene and Dionysius in all the purity which distinguished these religious associations before they were corrupted by the subsequent licentiousness of the mother country. The date of the Ionic migration is fixed at 1044 B. C., about half a century before the commencement of the building of Solomon's temple, thus giving ample time for the establishment of the Dionysiac Fraternity in the city of Tyre at the time when HIRAM was called upon to assist SOLOMON in the execution of his design, which he did by sending him a band of Dionysiac workmen, at the head of whom was a widow's son, to whom is attributed the organization of Free Masonry. The rituals used in the Lodges at this time are based on the supposition of the truth of this theory. 3rd. The number of Free Masons in the United States at this time is from 2?0,000 to 300,000. 4th. ABRAHAM LINCOLN was not a member of the Order.

J. C., Canton, Pa., to whom an answer was given in this department a week or two ago, will please send us his address. We have a letter for him.

J. J. FORD, Nova Springs, writes as follows:—"I see in the Weekly BLADE that the Northern Pacific Railroad has a land grant of sixty miles on each side of the Road, a breadth of one hundred and twenty miles, and has forty sections to the mile. What I wish to know is this: Whether the Company takes every section on each side of the Road for twenty miles and every alternate section thereafter, or whether they have every alternate section of the entire grant? Please inform me in your answers to correspondents."—The Company has every alternate section of the entire grant.

R. B., Winter Station, Mass.—We do not know anything about the responsibility of the firm of E. C. ALLEN & Co.

J. M., Rockfield, Ind., asks:—"Why is the President of the United States inaugurated on the 4th of March? Why is the Presidential mansion at Washington called the "White House?"—Congress, on the 13th of September, 1788, appointed the first Wednesday of January, 1789, for the choice of electors for President and Vice President, and the first Wednesday of March, which was the 4th day of the month, for the commencement of proceedings under the new Constitution. On that day, therefore, the new government may be said to have gone into effect, although WASHINGTON was not sworn into office until the 30th of April following, and many other officers continued in the discharge of their duties as under the confederation until Congress had time to pass laws organizing the different departments of the government. "The White House" is built of white marble, and is so called because of its color.

NELSON BERMAN, Naples, N. Y., writes as follows:—"I see by the thousands of questions you are answering in you very excellent paper, that you are supposed to know everything. Now, if you will answer one question for me you will very much oblige. If a man should start west from New York Monday noon, and could travel fast enough to have a meridian sun all the time, he would be around the world and back to New York by Tuesday noon. Now, if he should keep asking, 'What day of the week is it?' where would he first be told, 'It is Tuesday?'"—If you take New York time as the standard, he would be to'd, "It is Tuesday," at 180 degrees of longitude east from that city. Any day begins actually, that is it first commences on the earth, at a point 180 deg. east from *the* Prime Meridian; and if the meridian of New York be taken as *the* Prime Meridian, then the day begins 180 degrees east of that place. Hence the traveler would get the answer, "Tuesday," when he would come to the Perieians of New York; and it would be Tuesday noon—he having passed from Monday noon at the instant he crossed that meridian. But if Greenwich be taken as the Prime Meridian then the answer would be at 180 degrees east longitude from Greenwich.

JAMES SHEAK, West Branch, Iowa.—Your subscription to the BLADE and any periodical on our clubbing list can commence any time you wish.

W. P. KREMER, Wapello, Iowa.—JOHN H. KLIPART, Columbus, Ohio, is the author of a valuable treatise on wheat culture, which you can get by addressing him.

BOB GRANT, Whitewater, Wisconsin, writes:—"Will you tell me the reason why our subscription to the BLADE is dated back one week from the 16th of March, or in other words, I sent you a club of 11 subscribers, to commence the 16th of March, and on the paper it expires the 9th of March, 1872. Please answer through your columnn of Answers to Correspondents."—There are 52 weeks in a year, consequently fifty-two numbers of a weekly paper make a year's subscription. Your club got the paper dated March 16th, 1871, and they will get the one dated March 9th, 1872. Now take your almanac and count carefully, and if you don't find that you will get your full number of fifty-two papers just let us know, and we will send the BLADE gratis to every member of your club for the balance of their natural lives. Isn't that a fair offer? We deal on the square with our subscribers, and regret that even a single club of them should think we would be guilty of the petty meanness of endeavoring to swindle them out of a paper. Before they indulge in such insinuations again we hope they will consult their almanacs—or some other man.

R. J.—The population of Alaska is 75,000, about 65,000 of whom are Indians. Sitka is the principal town; its population is about 500, besides about 1,000 Indians in its vicinity. There are no other towns of any consequence.

C. C. MCINTYRE, El Paso, Wisconsin, asks:—"Which are the four largest cities in the world, and their population?"—London, England, 3,082,372; Soochow, China, 2,600,000; Paris, France, 1,950,000; Pekin, China, 1,700,000.

A SUBSCRIBER, Walla Walla, Washington Territory.—As you had occupied the land, and had commenced proceedings to perfect your homestead title, *before* the land was withdrawn from market we think you can hold your homestead.

READER, Le Raysville, Pa.—The editorial letters which will be published in the BLADE during the coming summer and fall, will give you just the information about the west that you ask for. We are going personally for reliable information concerning all the matters embraced in your letter os inquiry.

DEACON JONES.—Irving's Life of Washington will probably suit you better than any other. G. P. Putman & Son, New York, are the publishers. For the other books you inquire about, address W. E. Bliss & Co., Toledo, Ohio. Thanks for your compliments to the BLADE. We shall strive always to deserve all you say of us.

G. W. F., Shelburn, Ind.—Harper's Bazar Book of Decorum is the book you want. Any bookseller will get it for you.

A. R., Colton, Ohio, writes:—"I am a reader of the BLADE, and think it the best family paper printed in America. Your correspondent's column is very interesting to me and well worth the cost of the BLADE. There is a question going the rounds which meets with various answers; the question is: Should an irresistable force come in contact with an immovable body, what would be the result? Answer this in your correspondent's column."—In the expressive language of the gentleman from Africa, "Dat depends." Viewed from the stand-point of the irresistible force, the immovable body would be knocked into smithereens; but viewed from the stand-point of the immovable body, and the irrestible force would be most ignominiously squelched. "You pays your money and you takes your choice." We don't know whether this question is asked seriously or not. We hope not, for it is only worthy of the consideration of those who think they can invent perpetual motion, or lift themselves over fences by the straps of their boots.

J. W. L., "Possibilities" has never been issued in book or pamphlet form.

T. IENIS, Mooresville, Mo.—We have repeatedly stated that a soldier does not need his discharge in order to take a homestead. He simply goes to the United States Land Office and makes an affidavit according to a form that will be furnished him there.

JAMES BRITT, Asherville, Kansas.—There are nearly as many different opinions as to the best works on Geometry and Trigonometry as there are teachers and students. We prefer Davies perhaps because we studied that. Any bookseller will get them for you. Our price for advertising in the Weekly BLADE is fifty cents per line of this sized type, (called nonpariel,) for each insertion. There are twelve lines in an inch, so you can calculate for yourself what an advertisement of any length you may want will cost. At this price you reach more readers for the money than you can in any other paper in the United States. The best way for you to get Land Warrants and Agricultural College Scrip will be to advertise for them. The former letter you speak of having written us we never received.

We return thanks to a host of our good friends, all through the West, for the cordial invitations they have sent us to call and see them while on our western tour. We hope to see and take by the hand thousands of our readers during our tour, and are sure we shall find whole-souled, intelligent, wide-awake people wherever the BLADE is read.

We are again compelled to leave a number of letters over to be answered in our next.

SOMETIMES COLD will not yield to ordinary remedies, because of the severe inflammation of the delicate lining of the tubes through which the air we breathe is distributed to the lungs. This obstruction produces pain and soreness, hoarseness, cough, difficulty of breathing, hectic fever, and a spitting of blood, matter or phlegm, finally exhausting the strength of the patient, and developing very serious disease. Dr. Jayne's Expectorant seldom fails to remove these symptoms by relieving the lungs of all obstructing matter, and healing all soreness, Pleurisy, Asthma, and Bronchitis, are likewise cured by this standard remedy, and the reputation it has maintained for over thirty years, affords the best guaranty of its merit Sold everywhere.

....FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES and Tan, use Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion. The only reliable and harmless remedy for removing Brown Discolorations from the skin.

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....THE BEST TONIC—Caswell & Co.'s Ferro-Phosphated Elixer of Callisaya.

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☞ See advertisement of Dr. BOTTS' Dispensary, headed, Book for the Million—MARRIAGE GUIDE—in another column. It should be read by all.

### NERVOUS DEBILITY.

Thousands suffer from it.—A weak, nervous, exhausted feeling, no energy, animation or vigor, low spirits, confused head, weak memory, nocturnal or involuntary seminal emissions, with loss of power and threatened impotence. The consequence of excesses, overwork or indescretions. This is NERVOUS DEBILITY, and it finds a sovereign remedy in HUMPHREY'S HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC NO. TWENTY-EIGHT. Thousands have been cured by these simple sugar pills. They tone up the system, arrest the discharges, dispel the gloom and mental depression, and rejuvenate the system. Price $5 for a package of five boxes and a vial of powder, which is important in all old long-standing cases, or $1 per single box. Sold by all first-class druggists, and sent to any address on receipt of the price. Addres HUMPHREY'S SPECIFIC HOMEOPATHIC MEDICINE CO., 562 Broadway, New York. march30wlyr

....HAZARD & CASEWELL'S Cod Liver Oil is the best. oct27wly

DR. RANSOM'S HIVE SYRUP AND TOLU.—Doctor, I have a terrible cough, and my children are all down sick with coughs, sore throats and colds. What shall we do? Take "Dr. Ransom's Hive Syrup and Tolu, or Honey Syrup," and apply "Dr. Trask's Magnetic Ointment" to the throat and chest, warm. These are excellent family medicines. Full directions are on the bottles. You can get both medicines at any drug store for sixty cents.

"WHAT HAVE YOU TAKEN FOR IT?" said Mrs Laura Thompson to her friend Miss Lake, referring to a sick headache with which the young lady was continually afflicted. "Oh," said Miss L., "I've taken cathartic pills enough to load a cannon." "Discard them," said her friend, "and try *my* medicine, PLANTATION BITTERS. Bile is the cause of your difficulty; and I know by experience the Bitters are a certain cure for biliousness." Miss Lake adopted Mrs. Thompson's advice, and was cured within a fortnight. She is now at the Metropolitan Hotel, and will confirm this statement.

SEA MOSS FARINE from pure Irish Moss, for Blanc Mange, Puddings, Custards, Creams, &c., &c. The cheapest, healthiest, and most delicious food in the world.

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N. B.—The author of the above named books, or Dr. Parker, may be consulted on all diseases requiring skill, secrecy and experience. dec15w6mos 65

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A FAMILY MEDICINE CASE IS A FAMILY NECESSITY. You must have something to give for a cold, for a headache, diarrhœa, rheumatism, neuralgia, toothache, croup, whooping cough, or other of the hundred ills that are sure to come. Forewarned is forearmed. You have it in a case of HUMPHREY'S HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS. Simple—so you can make no mistake; ready—so you need not wait; safe—so you may act fearlessly; efficient—so you may feel confident. Medicines that cure, but do not kill; that save, but do not destroy.

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| 20 | large 3 dram vials, containing the above list with book of direction complete | $10 00 |
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## The Markets.

### TOLEDO PRODUCE MARKETS.

TUESDAY MORNING, March 28, 1871.

**Flour**—The market for this article has ruled very dull for a week past, very little being done outside of the local retail trade. Prices, which differ little from those quoted in our last issue, are nominally: Fine $?@4 25; Superfine, $4 50@4 75; Extra, $5@5 25; XX and Fancy, $5 25@7 50.

**Wheat**—The market for wheat has been characterized by a fair degree of activity and chiefly at lower prices although the decline was not very marked until within a day or two past. Yesterday prices were lower until just at the close of Change when a slight improvement became noticeable and the general tone of the market was stronger. We quote: Amber Michigan, 143@145c; No. 1 White Michigan, 1?0c; No. 1 Red, 145c; No. 2 Red, 143c; Rejected Red, 130@c; No. 2 Amber Indiana, 1?0c.

**Corn**—In the past week the market for this grain has ruled very quiet, at times little more than sufficient changing hands to establish quotations. During the past three days prices have had a downward turn and quotations are 2@3c lower than last week with less activity in the market and a depressed feeling generally. This state of things, however, is not expected to continue any longer than until the opening of navigation when there will more than likely be an improvement in prices. We quote: High-mixed at 59@c spot, or seller April and 61c seller July; Low-mixed at 56@c; No Grade at 55@58c; Yellow at 60c.

**Oats**—This grain has not offered very freely for a week past and the volume of trade has therefore been right; holders are very firm in their views under the impression that there is comparatively little of the grain to come forward. There has been, and is now, a good demand at quotations, 57@c for No. 1, 55@55½c for No. 2 and 56@56½ for Michigan.

**Rye**—Market inactive and quotations nominal.

**Clover Seed**—A decline of 70 to 75 cents has taken place in the price of this article during the week, and the market now rules very dull at $6.75.

**Timothy Seed**—There is none offering and the market is dull; we quote nominally $6@6 25.

**Potatoes**—A large business has been transacted in this vegetable, but entirely on the street, no mention having been made of it on 'Change. Peach Blows are the favorite and command $1 per bushel. Other kinds range from 80 to 95c.

**Butter**—The market is dull without decided change in prices; fresh roll is quoted at 20@22c, and fresh keg at 18@20c.

**Eggs**—This article is 1@2c lower and with large receipts the market is dull at 11@12½c.

### New York Produce Market.

NEW YORK, March 27, 1871.

Cotton dull; middling uplands 15½c. Flour dull—receipts 15,000 bbls. superfine western and state, at $6 0.@6 45; common to good extra, $6 55@6 70; good to choice $6 70@7 25; white western extra, $7 25@7 75; Ohio extras, $6 70@7 40. St. Louis, $6 80@9 00. Rye Flour and Corn meal unchanged. Whiskey firm at 91—c Wheat dull and nominal; receipts 14,000 bu.; new spring 156@159c; red and amber at 168@177c; California white, 180c. Rye, Barley and Malt quiet. Corn firm; receipts, 62,000 bu; mixed western, 82@82c; yellow 82½@84c. Oats quiet; receipts, 3,000 bu; western 60½@c. Total stock of grain—Wheat, 1,166,000 bu; Corn, 134,000 bu; Oats, 816,000 bu; Rye, 148,000 bu; Barley, 243,000 bu; Malt 184,000 bu; Peas, 2,000. Hay and Hops steady. Coffee dull but unchanged. Sugar firm; Cuba, 9½@9¾c. Molasses dull but unchanged. Rice, 8¼@8¾c. Petroleum—crude 13½c; refined 23¾@23¾c; Mess Pork is firmer at $21 50@21 75 prime $18@18 50 Prime mess—new, $19 April to June, $21 50@$21 87½. Beef steady—plain mess 10@15c; extra 15@17½; Beef hams 24@31c; tierce beef, prime mess 27@28c; India mess $39@32. Cut meats dull—hams 13@14c; shoulders 8@8½; middles steady, short clear 11c; long 11½@11¾c—Lard stro g, prime steam 12@12¾c; kettle dried 12¾c. May 12¾c. Butter and cheese unchanged.

LATEST—Flour dull, $6 55@6 80 for shipping extras. Wheat dull; spring, 158c; red and amber, 166@170c. Eggs heavy, 14@16c, Others unchanged.

### Government Stock Market.

NEW YORK; March 20.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 6s of '81 | 115¾ | 20s of '67 | 110¾ |
| 20s of '62 reg | 112½ | 20s of '68 | 110¾ |
| 20s of '64 | 111¾ | 10-40s | 108¾ |
| 20s of '65 | 111¾ | 10-40s, currency | 113¾ |
| 20s of '65 new | 110¾ | Gold | 110¾ |

### Cincinnati Market.

March 27, 1871.

Cotton firm; middling uplands 14¾c. Flour—private advances are more favorable than public ones; family $6 30@6 50. Wheat quiet at 136@138c. Corn in good demand at 57@58c. Rye, Oats and Barley quiet and unchanged. Groceries steady.